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Vick's Magazine

JUNE 1906



VICK PUBLISHING COMPANY
DANSVILLE, NEW YORK.

A FINANCIAL OPPORTUNITY

The Earning Power of Money Invested in **KORNIT**

HERE is a financial opportunity to make an investment in an up-to-date, energetic; money making Industrial Manufacturing Company, which owns all the United States patents, processes and exclusive rights for producing Kornit, a product never before manufactured nor sold in this country. The demand for Kornit is great, and the profit of manufacturing and selling it is ENORMOUS. Read every word of announcement and ACT AT ONCE.

The Earning Power of Money

IN a recent article in "Success," Henry Clews says: "Money represents the efforts of man." If one has a million dollars, he can, for a day, control a force equal to a million men. Every dollar one saves gives him practical control of the services of one man for one day. The man who has the ability and strength to save money can make these moneys work for him as if they were men. The question is, HOW and WHERE can it be used to the greatest advantage? If you invest it at a small rate of interest, you simply give someone else the opportunity of making your money earn money for THEM; if you spend it, all possibility of making it work for you is lost.

One hundred dollars invested at 16 per cent interest will earn in a year as much as sixteen men working for you one day. It is, however, possible to make one hundred dollars do the work of ten, even one hundred men; it depends on how and WHERE you invest it.

Every man is desirous of securing for himself a competency which will enable him to enjoy the fruits of his labor at as early a period in his life as possible. This is a problem, however, which is becoming more difficult and more complex each year.

Consider these facts seriously, and decide if it is not wise to invest at once in the KORNIT MANUFACTURING COMPANY, and draw a handsome yearly income from its enormous earnings.

THE STORY OF KORNIT

By President Charles E. Ellis

KORNIT was invented by Johann Gustav Bierich, a subject of the Czar of Russia, residing at Menkenhof, near Livenhof, Russia, and is a Homogeneous Horn or Hoof substance. Kornit is produced by grinding horn and hoof shavings and waste into a palpable powder and then pressing under heavy hydraulic pressure with heat into a homogeneous slab. This slab produces a substance which can be sawed or turned the same as ordinary wood. It is of a beautiful black consistency and is **Extremely Valuable as a Non-Conductor for Electrical Supplies.** It is a matter of record that the electrical industry in this country at this time does not have a satisfactory material for heavy or high insulating purposes. A slab of Kornit one inch thick was tested in Trenton, New Jersey, by the Imperial Porcelain Works and was found to have resisted 96,000 Volts of Electricity. It may be interesting to note here that the heaviest voltage which is transmitted in this country is between Niagara, Buffalo and Lockport, New York. The voltage transmitted by this company is between 40,000 and 50,000 volts. Kornit is equally as good as a non-conductor for electrical purposes and supplies as is hard rubber.

The average price of hard vulcanized rubber for electrical purposes is to-day considerably over one dollar per pound; at the present writing something like \$1.25 per pound.

Kornit can be sold at Twenty-five Cents per Pound and an Enormous profit can be made at this price, so that it can easily be seen that where Kornit is Equally as Good and as a Matter of Fact, in many instances, a Better non-conductor than hard rubber, it can compete in every case where it can be used with great success on account of its price. For electrical panel boards, switchboards, fuse boxes, cut-outs, etc., there are other materials used, such as vulcanized paper fibre, slate, marble, etc. A piece of vulcanized paper fibre, 3x1x1 inch, in lots of 1,000, brings 20 cents per piece. A piece of Kornit of the same dimensions could be sold with the Enormous Profit of over 100 Per Cent, at 10 cents. The absorptive qualities of Kornit render it such that it is Far Preferable to that of vulcanized fibre. It will not maintain a flame. Of all the materials which are now in the electrical market for supplies and insulators there is, as we have stated above, none that are satisfactory. Kornit will fill this place. Its tensile strength per square inch averages from 1,358 pounds to 1,811 pounds, which the reader can readily see, is More Than Satisfactory. This test was made by a well known electrical engineer, who is now acting in that capacity for the United States Government with a Standard Riehle Bros. testing machine.

Waste horn and whole hoofs are being sold by the ton to-day principally only for fertilizing purposes. There is one town alone, Leominster, Mass., where they have an average of eight tons of horn shavings every day. These waste horn shavings are now only being sold for fertilizing material. These eight tons of

and cash register keys, tea trays, ash trays, scoops, mustard and other spoons, salad sets, cigar and cigarette cases, cigar and cigarette holders, match boxes, and hundreds of other useful and ornamental articles, all at a large and remunerative profit.

of the raw material, which is now almost practically thrown away. Join me in this investment, and I assure you it is my sincere belief that in the future you will say: "That is the day I made the most successful move in my whole life."

The Great Demand for Kornit in this Country

There is one manufacturer alone here in New York that uses 60,000 square feet of insulating material for panel boards every year. He is now using slate and marble, but it is NOT SATISFACTORY, for the reason that in boring and transportation it breaks so easily. Kornit will answer the purpose of Manufacturing Panel Boards Very Much More Satisfactorily. On 60,000 square feet of Kornit there would be a net profit of over \$30,000, or 50 cents for every square foot used. This One Example is cited to show you The Enormous Profits which can be made. There are a great many other panel and switchboard manufacturers in this country. You may be interested to know that a panel board is a small switchboard. There is one or more of every floor of all large buildings where electricity is used. They each have a number of switches mounted on them, so that those in charge can turn certain lights on or off, and by these panel boards all the electrical power in the building is controlled. They must be of a reliable non-conducting material. Kornit can be used for this purpose almost exclusively. The largest electrical manufacturing concerns in Riga, Russia, are using Kornit only for this purpose, after having tried all other so-called non-conducting compositions. The electrical trades alone can consume a great many tons of Kornit every day in the year. If only two tons of Kornit is manufactured and sold every working day in the year it will enable the Kornit Manufacturing Company to pay 16 Per Cent Dividends Every Year. Of course, if four tons a day are sold the dividends would be over 32 per cent per year. This is Not Improbable. An Expert Electrical Engineer who holds one of the most responsible positions here in New York City made the statement, after thoroughly examining and testing Kornit for electrical purposes, that in his most conservative estimation there can be ten tons of manufactured Kornit sold every working day in the first year. This would mean that the Kornit Manufacturing Company would pay a dividend out of its earnings the first year of over seventy-five per cent (75%). This is probably more than will be paid the first year, but there certainly seems to be a good prospect of paying a large dividend the first year.

There will be such an enormous demand for Kornit after it becomes introduced that from year to year the dividends earned will become larger. This is the best opportunity to make an investment that you have ever had.

It is a well known fact that the most legitimate and profitable way to make money is by manufacturing some product that is "Necessary" and one that can be fully controlled so that nobody else can manufacture the same article. Look at sugar (which is protected by a high tariff); at Standard Oil, the Telephone, the Telegraph, and we might go on and enumerate many more monopolies. They are the big money makers of to-day. Kornit cannot be manufactured by anybody in this country except ourselves or our agents. We own all the patents issued by the United States Government to the inventor, Mr. Johann Gustav Bierich, in Russia. These patents have been bought from Mr. Bierich and are duly transferred to the Kornit Manufacturing Company, and the same is duly recorded in the patent office of the United States.

We Have a Fine Factory

Our factory is located in Newark, N. J., (Belleville Station). The services of the son of the inventor, Mr. Kurt Bierich, who is a graduate of Freiburg University, Germany, have been retained. He arrived in this country the 12th of last month, coming direct from the Russian factory to take full charge of the factory. Mr. Kurt Bierich spent two years in his father's factory at Menkenhof, Russia, and six months at the workshops at Riga, Russia, mastering every minute detail of the manufacturing and working departments. Mr. Bierich, Jr., has been employed for six months recently in superintending the erection of a Kornit factory for the English company at Stoke Newington, N. London, which he has just brought to completion in the most satisfactory manner. Mr. Bierich, Jr., will have full charge of maintaining the Kornit factory in this country. It is planned that Kornit shall be a well known and universally used article in the electrical and other trades of this country earning and paying large and satisfactory dividends each and every six months. A few shares obtained now may be the foundation for a fortune or the much desired income for support in the unknown years that are to come. We leave it to you if it would not seem good judgment to take immediate advantage of this opportunity. Anyway, please write me at once and let me know what you will do. If it is not possible for you to take shares now, write and tell me how many you would like and how soon it will be convenient for you to do so, provided I will reserve them for you. As soon as I receive your letter I will answer it with a personal letter and will arrange matters as you wish to the best of my ability.

Remember, I have a great many thousand dollars invested in the Kornit Manufacturing Company, and the minute you buy a share or more in this Company we become Co-partners as Co-shareholders. It is for our mutual benefit to watch and guard each other's interests. I will be grateful if you will write me to-day, so that I may know just what you will do.

I know that you will agree with me that you have never had presented to your notice a better opportunity to make an investment where such large profits can be made because of the exclusiveness of control, and the great demand and the low cost

If you will carefully cast over in your mind and pick out twenty of the wealthiest people you personally know, you will find in each case that it is a fact that years ago each one of these persons, or their ancestors, learned how to make a little money do a whole lot of work, and now they and their children reap the benefit in a golden harvest. You can do the same. Only you must make a beginning. Here is a Financial Opportunity. Take advantage of it now—not to-morrow but right now, to-day. You are making money. Why not invest a little and later on reap the benefit? It is the wise thing to do, and the wise and thoughtful people who are doing it are the ones that live in ease.



MR. JOHANN GUSTAV BIERICH
The Inventor of Kornit, in his Summer Garden, at Menkenhof, Russia.



PRESIDENT CHARLES E. ELLIS

horn shavings manufactured into Kornit and sold for electrical purposes would easily bring \$5,000. At this price it would be selling for less than one-fifth of what hard rubber would cost, and about one-half what other competitive materials would sell for even though they would not be as satisfactory as Kornit.

Kornit has been in use in Russia about four years. In Riga, Russia, which is the largest seaport town of Western Russia, the Electrical Unions there are using Kornit with the greatest satisfaction, finding it preferable to any other insulating material.

The expense of manufacturing Kornit from the horn shavings is not large, as the patentee, Mr. Bierich, has invented an economical and satisfactory process which produces an article that, in the near future, will be used in the construction of almost every building in this country.

Besides electrical insulators, Kornit can be used for the manufacturing of furniture, buttons, door handles, umbrella, cane, knife and fork handles, brush and sword handles, revolver handles, mirror backs, picture frames, toilet accessories, such as fancy glove boxes, jewel cases, glove stretchers, shoe lifts, etc.; office utensils, such as paper knife and pen holders, ink stands, pen racks, medical instruments, such as syringes, ear trumpets, etc., etc., pieces for games, such as draughts, chessmen, dominoes, checkers, counters, chips, cribbage boards, etc.; telephone ear pieces, stands, etc.; piano keys, typewriter keys, adding machine

teen per cent (16%) the first year. If this business were doubled the second year, of course the earning capacity would double and the dividends would be over thirty-two per cent. Prominent and well known Electrical Engineers assure me that this product cannot help and is bound to make enormous profits. I would recommend that you send for as many as you wish at once. You, in my conservative opinion, can safely count on the large earning capacity of these shares. I will at once write you a personal letter with full information, and send you our illustrated book, "A Financial Opportunity," containing a score of photographs of the Kornit industry, taken in Russia. Please let me hear from you. Yours very truly,

CHARLES E. ELLIS, President
707A Temple Court, New York City, N. Y.

[Mr. Ellis, besides being president of this company, is also president of two other large and successful companies now paying large dividends, owning shares therein valued conservatively at over \$250,000.00. Mr. Ellis has other investments in New York City real estate, bonds, stocks and mortgages to the amount of many more hundreds of thousands of dollars. Any bank or mercantile agency will tell you his guarantee is as good as gold. This is a successful man who wishes you for a Co-partner as a Shareholder and Dividends Receiver in this Company. Remember, you will do business personally with Mr. Ellis in this matter.—Publisher Vick's Magazine.]



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Tildy's Last Spell

By Agnes Barden



WILL YOU stop rattlin' them stove kivers, Wilyum? I should think if you hain't got no nerves yourself you might kinder respect the feelin's of them that has."

There was deep injury expressed in the tones that sounded through the half-open bedroom door,

and Mr. Merryweather carefully lowered the stove-lid to its place before inquiring anxiously,

"You hain't got a spell, have you, ma?"

Hearing no response, he meditatively scratched a match on his overalls and lit the kitchen fire.

"Wilyum, what hev you done with my shoes?"

A broad smile illumined Mr. Merryweather's good-natured features and he chuckled to himself while filling the tea-kettle. "That's Tildy all over. She allus lays it enter me first thing in the morning for luggin' off her shoes whenever she's a-layin' low in her mind. 'Sho, ma!' he called back. "I ain't a-wearin' of 'em to-day. Here's the indenticle floppers." and picking up the foot-wear in question he set them inside the bedroom door, and whistling cheerily took down the milk-pails from the pantry shelf and his old straw hat from its peg by the chimney, preparatory to commencing the morning chores at the barn.

"Wilyum! Wilyum!"

Mr. Merryweather apparently did not hear the call for he opened the kitchen door and went out.

"Wal, I never!" worried the voice from the bedroom. "Pa's clean forgot to draw a pail o' water. Of all the forgetfulnest creeters that man's the worst."

The sun was just peeping over the hill as Mr. Merryweather tramped along the worn foot-path to the barn. His little bed of nasturtiums beside the fence—planted every spring for the past thirty years—nodded brightly to him as he passed; old Bose came out, stretching himself, and wagged his tail in greeting; as he opened the barn-door the whinneying from the stable, the clatter of stanchions as the cattle laboriously got on their feet, the cooing of doves on the rafters—all the home-like sounds of the early morning came to his ears like music, and the scent of the well-filled mows floated out on the fresh air like the incense of homely, wholesome country life.

But in spite of the soothing influence of his accustomed surroundings Mr. Merryweather's serenity of mind was troubled. He had heard his wife's call as he left the house, but considered it expedient not to answer. "She'd only have grumped over somethin' or nother an' got more stirred up," he sighed impatiently as the streams of warm milk dinned into the pail. "Poor Tildy," he relented the next minute, "I s'pose she has a neverlastin' lot to bother her. They say putterin' round the house is pesky wearin,' come to foller it year in an' year out. 'Sno wonder she gits low in her feelin's at times," and the old man drowned his cogitations in

"Come, let us a-new
Our journey pursue,"

set to a weird chant of his own improvising, the "only tune he ever carried," and kept for just such trying occasions as the present.

"Tildy's spells" had grown to be a depressing element in the otherwise cheery lives of this old couple, and were a constant source of dread to the peace-loving William. "You never'll know when one'll ketch her," he muttered as he put away the milking stool. "They're durned onexpected. Last night, now, she was as chipper as a cricket, an' today probably you can't pry a word outer her edgewise, an' if you did you'd wish you hadn't—mighty. It's on-

settl'n'. I like ter be sociable, for one," and scratching his grizzled head in perplexity he lingered over the chores and drove the cows to pasture before venturing in for breakfast.

There was a cheerful clatter of dishes from the kitchen as he strained the milk and set it away on the "but'ry" shelves, and a substantial meal was smoking in readiness on the table; but Tildy sat with her feet in the oven, nibbling a dry piece of toast and sipping a cup of hot water, elected as her frugal portion, much to her husband's disgust.

"Come, Tildy," he urged as he drew his chair to the table, "set up an' help git rid o' some o' this good stuff. Nobuddy's condemned ye to bread an' water, has they?"

There was a disdainful sniff, but otherwise complete silence on the part of the afflicted one; but nothing daunted, the genial old man continued the one-sided conversation, though his remarks met with no answer or received such tart replies that he was forced to direct his observations to the dog and cat which sat one on either side of him, waiting for the tid-bits that were sure to fall to their lot.

Having vanquished the cheerful William the disconsolate one took the floor and ran over the gamut of her latest grievances, which touched on the doleful minor notes of the dog-day weather, dreams and warnings, bodily ailments, and various domestic trials and tribulations, till the old man pushed back his chair and regarded his gloomy spouse with a pronounced twinkle under his shaggy brows.

"Wal, it's too bad, Tildy. The hull consarned universe'll have to be overhauled 'fore we c'n straighten out all them kinks. I c'n put a new back inter the kitchen stove, an' c'n trounce the cat for stealin' the cream, an' recommend a cup o' soothin' catnip for the pleurisy that you say has got inter your head; but 'twouldn't do for me to meddle with that balky bread, or tackle the basque that won't fit—couldn't you frill some gores onto it somewheres? It's a confounded shame that I couldn't ha' be'n rich instid o' bein' so gorammed han'some," he added regretfully, "then we'd a-fixed you up in no time."

An irrepressible gleam of humor appeared in the gloomy Tildy's eye as she glanced at the figure in the cow-hide boots, ramming his head into the torn straw hat; and then with a good-natured laugh the farmer was off to his work.

The oats in the hill field were to be carted, and young Hiram Dorkins, who had been "spoke for" to help, now drove into the yard with his mother, who had seized this opportunity to make an all-day visit.

"My sakes, Matildy Ann, are you jest havin' breakfast? I wuz tellin' Hiram as we come along that I wuz goin' to have one o' your doughnuts as soon as ever I stepped foot inside the threshold.

"Is that you, Rindy? Take off your bunnit an' I'll have the coffee het up in a minit," and the two women were soon discussing a hearty lunch, in which exercise "Tildy," in spite of the pleurisy in her head, performed her full share.

"Your man's the best provider in the hull neighborhood," Mrs. Dorkins rambled on as she settled back in the rocking chair and drew forth her knitting while her hostess cleared the table. "Ef I should have such a breakfast as that common 'Lijah would have a fit. He's a leetle nigh, and sometimes it seems as though he grew nigher every year. But then, 'Lijah has his good points. There's Mis' Willette's man, now. I wuz over there yesterday an' he wuz a-settin' over the stove as womolecrop as a sick hen, an' wuz mumpin' 'round all day, pokin' his nose into everythin'. He jawed right afore me 'cause the flour wasn't goin' to hold out the month. He's a reglar pesty-a-mist, that's what the minister said himself. I'm glad I hain't got none o' them things for a husband, an' you'd be if you had seen his goin's on. Mis' Willette's a real nice woman, too. There's nothin' more pesky mean, 'cordin' to my notions, than for one pusson who holds up their end an' tries to do as well's they kin, to have a pardner thet's allus a-hangin' back an' a-draggin' off sidewise. It's a burnin' shame."

Mrs. Merryweather glanced quickly at her neighbor. Could there be any hidden meaning under her gossip? A vision of "old grumpy Willette" and his worn patient wife rose before her, and conscience smote her.

Could she be classed as one 'o' them things' which the minister denounced? "Guess I'll make a apple dumplin' for dinner," she announced hurriedly, interrupting the conversation of her guest. "There ain't nothin' Wilyum likes so well, an' we hain't had one for quite a

spell back. Come on out an' we'll get the apples. The Red Astrakhans are prime now, an' they make the best pies of any mortal apple growed. You c'n take some along home with you tonight, if you want 'em," and chatting amiably the old ladies threw their aprons over their heads and went out to the orchard.

"My land! is that thunder?" ejaculated Mrs. Dorkins as a rumbling sound startled them from their work; and hastening to the fence they caught sight of two heavy horses tearing down the hill at a hard gallop, the load of grain behind swaying from side to side and threatening to overturn with every leap, and on top, vainly trying to check their headlong speed, sat Mr. Merryweather, his face blanched, his hat off, and tugging for life at the reins.

"He'll never make the turn," groaned Mrs. Dorkins, and as she spoke the horses dashed down the last pitch and around the curve into the door-yard; the great cart swerved and fell over on its side, flinging the driver to the ground and the load of straw on top of him, the frantic horses plunging into the barn dragging the wreck of the wagon behind.

"Hiram! Hiram! Help!" shrieked Mrs. Dorkins, hurrying to the aid of her friend who had stood mute and paralyzed with terror, and now fled through the gate with a cry of despair and throwing herself at the huge heap of straw under which her husband lay buried tore at it in a frenzy of desperation.

Hiram came panting across the fields shouting for a pitchfork, and attacked the great load with reckless energy; but heedless of all that went on around her the old woman knelt, working frantically with both hands, and praying dumbly.

"To have him back again. What did anything else in the whole world matter? How petty the little annoyances for which she had nagged him? How could she have been so blind? Oh, Lord! don't let it be too late," and with all her frail strength she lifted at the load, the weight of which seemed resting on her own heart, crushing it to the earth; and the doleful words "draggin' a-back, draggin' a-back," of the morning rang in her ears—a cry of endless remorse.

There was a prodigious stir near the center of the heap, and flinging the loosened straw to right and left, William Merryweather tumbled out from his temporary confinement with a hearty guffaw for the amazed faces that surrounded him, and caught his wife in a rough embrace.

"Got scairt, didn't ye, ole woman? Sho, now! 'twa'n't nothin'," soothingly, as she clung tremblingly to his arm. "Course I'd turn up's good as ever. Why, who'd you lay for when you're livin' on prison fare of your ole man wa'n't handy?" he twinkled.

"Wilyum, I've had my last spell," gasped Tildy Ann solemnly, sinking down on the yellow oat straw, and listening to the account of her husband's escape with a silent thanksgiving for every word; while the crickets chirping in the grass seemed voicing the cheer that filled her heart and that henceforth was to cast its quiet radiance abroad like chastened sunshine over autumn fields.

"You see," Mr. Merryweather explained, "a good part o' the load slid off with me a-top, an' the rest plunked down an' held me like a rat in a trap. 'Twas

(Continued on page 41)



The Romance of a Rose

By Eben E. Rexford

I AM QUITE well aware that most persons living in this prosaic and matter-of-fact age of the world think that romances exist only in the pages of a book. The poet, who is to them only a visionary dreamer, fashions them out of the airy fabric of his fancies. He makes of them a thread on which he strings pearls of fantastic thought. The story-teller weaves a web of romance about the men and women he creates, because he dislikes to deal with real, every-day life. He ignores the actual, and makes an ideal world for his characters to live in. "Men and women don't fall in love, now-a-days," these unromantic persons will tell you. "They are too sensible for that. If they make up their minds to marry they look at the matter in a practical way. They mean business and act accordingly. Romance! Pshaw! There's no such thing in the nineteenth century."

But I do not agree with them. The world is full of romances, and always will be. They must exist from the very nature of the human heart. Little romances weave themselves into your life and mine, which no one but ourselves dream of. This golden thread runs through the lives of all men and women. I care not where you go, or what life you take up to prove to me that my theory is wrong. Look into its past, and under the cobwebs of the years you will find something hidden away that will show you that you are in error. The poorest creature in the world is not too poor to have a little romance in his life about something or some one. And once in a while we see these little romances being lived out about us, and we smile softly over them, as we do over a pleasant story, and are glad to know that the world has not grown so old that the heart no longer feels the thrill of passion it used to "once upon a time." Love is not a myth.

In rather a curious way I chanced upon a pretty little story of love, with a golden thread of romance in it. I am going to tell it to you, because it proves the truth of what I have been saying. Many readers may think it a fiction, and say it "isn't at all likely that these things ever happened," but I assure you that it is true.

The romance began in the early days of our Civil war.

A regiment of blue-coated soldiers went marching down the streets of a great city to the stirring music of bugle and drum. Flags floated then from the roofs of great houses on either hand. Men, and women, and children cheered the soldiers as they went by, wild with enthusiasm. The men were brave-looking fellows for the most part, and the fire of those exciting days burned in their eyes, and made their faces earnest and heroic, as they set them steadfastly toward the work before them. Some of them were bronzed and bearded, and you could have told by the hard, rough hand that carried the gun that its owner was familiar with toil. Some wee young men with soft, white hands, and faces fair as a woman's, and you would have felt sure that all hardships of life had been to them only things dreamed of. The regiment passed out of the great thoroughfares of trade and into a fashionable avenue, where wealthy men had made their homes. The windows and balconies were thronged with women who smiled down upon the boys in blue, many of them with tears dimming the scene before them, as they thought of what might be. Fair hands waved them good-bye, and fair lips breathed God-speed, as the men went marching on.

At one window a girl stood with a thoughtful look in her eyes. She was thinking, perhaps, how many of these men would never come back to the homes they loved so much. Under the feverish excitement of the time and the scene, she saw the sure results of war, and it saddened her almost to tears.

A soldier, who was but little more than a boy in years, came down the street close to the window where she stood. He was a fair faced fellow, with yellow hair and eyes as blue as summer skies. His face had a strange beauty in it that caught and held her attention. It was a face womanly in its fairness, but with the strength of a man's nature shining through it.

He looked up suddenly, as if he felt the magnetism of her glance, and their eyes met, and they felt a mutual recognition of kinship of soul in that first glance. It was as if they had known each other in some other world, but met in this for the first time on this summer morning.

She smiled down at him softly, her face tender with the thoughts at her heart, and breaking a rose from the plant in the window at her side, dropped it down to him. He caught it as it fell, and then with a bow and a smile that had greeting and farewell in it, he went on and was lost in the crowd.

The face at the window haunts the young soldier's dreams and comes to him in waking moments, like a



sweet and pleasant memory. The Rose she had given him he kept between the pages of the little Bible his mother had given him in the morning of his leaving home. He would keep the flower to help him remember the sweetest face he had ever seen.

It puzzled Archie Dare that he should think so much about a face he had seen but once, and that for only a brief moment. It was quite likely he would never see it again. It was as if two vessels had met at sea and gone their separate ways. Their tracks might never cross each other again. But the face of the girl at the window seemed, in some strange and inexplicable way, to become part of his life. It seemed to belong to him, and he got to calling it "his face," in his thoughts of her. He used to wonder nights, when he was on picket, or when he woke up and lay watching the stars over head, if possibly they might not meet again, and if they did, how, and when, and under what circumstances it would happen.

Years went by, and the war was ended, and Archie Dare came home unhurt. He had been a brave soldier, he had never shirked his duty, and it was not to be wondered at, then, that the boy who had gone into the field with undecorated sleeves came back wearing a colonel's stars. The fair face had grown brown and bearded, and the boy was a boy no longer. He haunted the streets of the city where he had seen the face he could never forget. It had mingled in the crowds in the boulevards of life and vanished. "I would give the world, if I had it to give, to find that face again," he said often and often to himself, as he went hither and thither, always watching and hoping to find the woman he sought; but he sought in vain.

And so another year went by, and hope in his heart was like a fire that had died almost out, and is covered by its ashes.

One night, he went into a concert-room, drawn thither by the music that came ringing out upon the evening air, sweet and entrancing as the music heard in dreams. At least, he thought then that it was the music that drew him into the glittering throng where fair faces gleamed like flowers from box and gallery, and diamonds flashed like imprisoned fire-flies on soft white hands, and the air was sweet with the smell of dying flowers. But he believed, afterward, that it was the subtle influence of soul on soul that drew him in through the open doors; it was that or fate.

The orchestra was playing a wild symphony when he went in. The weird strains took possession of his soul and wrapped him in a trance of ecstasy. The crowd of faces about him faded away and for the time he was alone with the wonderful music. Then it ended in a long, low chord that trembled into silence

without breaking the spell that was on him. Suddenly a face shone down upon him as a star trembles into sight through a haze of sunset vapors. A sweet, pale face, with the record of a sorrow in the brown eyes. His heart gave a great throb, and his breath came quick and fast, for it was the face he had seen so long ago, the face he had dreamed about so often, the one face in the world to him.

Then she sang; he never knew what. He only knew that it was something sorrowfully sweet that hushed the house to silence, and brought a shower of flowers to her feet when it was finished. She bowed her thanks, and then it was that her eyes met the eyes of Archie Dare, and her memory went back over the dead years, and she saw the boy's face instead of the face of the man who was looking at her with such strange fascination in his eyes. Then she bowed again, as one does an act unconsciously, and vanished from the scene. He wondered if he had lost her again. He gathered from the hum of conversation that sprang up after her song, that she was the only daughter of a man who had been very wealthy, but had lost everything by some sudden turn of ill-luck, and the girl who had been singing had looked the matter bravely in the face, and was earning a living for her father and herself.

There is but little more to tell. One day, Colonel Dare met the woman whose rose he had carried with him so long. It was not like the meeting of strangers.

"I have always kept the rose you gave me," he said to her. "See." And he showed her the faded flower, out of whose heart the fragrance had not wholly died. "And I have kept the memory of your face in my heart. Let me keep you in my life; may I?"

She did not say nay. Her heart had gone out to him with the flower she had given him, and it had been his through all the years when their paths in life ran apart.

This is the romance of two lives. There is nothing wonderful about it, but it is a pretty little romance for all that, and I like to think there are others like it that we know nothing of.

Two Wild Beauties

By William Morton.

May and June are the months for wild flowers. It is during these months that the laurel blooms throughout the mountain regions of Pennsylvania and West Virginia. Laurel blooms in wild profusion on every mountain side. The small kind, which has a saucer-like pink and white flower blended into various shades, grows most plentiful in the open places near partially cleared fields.

The leaves are small on this kind and of a deep green tint. The flowers grow in bunches and literally cover the shrub, which is a very hardy grower and when cultivated makes a very beautiful house plant, although hot-house men and nursery dealers usually prefer the large Rhododendron or Deer Tongue Laurel. This latter grows farther back in the mountains; wherever the hemlock or spruce timber is found, there you will find it in the wildest profusion.

It has long leathery green leaves from one or two inches wide and from three to five inches long, and has white waxy flowers, sometimes with a beautiful pink tint. The lofty hemlock and spruce, together with the green of the shrub itself, form a deep dark green background, against which the waxy pink and white flowers shine out like stars in the night, and make a most beautiful sight.

This shrub grows in such profusion in some parts of the mountains of West Virginia that it adds materially to the cost of lumbering to get it out of the way.

Another of the beautiful flowers which greet the eyes of the stranger in these same mountain regions is the Wild Honeysuckle. No one can describe the beauties of this wild flower, which grows in the more open stony parts of the mountain side. In northern Pennsylvania the color of these flowers is pink and red: Sometimes these colors blend together and form many beautiful tints, but here, too, the South has the advantage both in number of colors and beauty, as I have seen on the mountains of West Virginia red, pink and yellow flowers, together with all the shades that can be made of these colors, with a little white mixed in.

Nestling beneath the bank of some river or stream flowing through a meadow you find the pure white ones, which are to my mind the most fragrant and beautiful of all. While these are not so common or plentiful as the other colors, still their beauty amply rewards one for the time spent in searching them out. These two would make most beautiful house plants or for the garden or lawn, but are not as easily cultivated as the laurel.

A Tangled Web

By K. S. Macquoid

PATTY LEARNS THAT SHE IS AN HEIRESS, AND IN HER NEW CONDITION SHE TAKES ON DIFFERENT NOTIONS IN REGARD TO LOVE, ARTISTS, AND MARRIAGE

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

The scenes of the story so far have been laid in Ashton, a small English village. Mr. Beaufort is the village Rector, and Nuna is his daughter. Will Bright, the well-to-do owner of Gray's Farm, was in love with Nuna, and had been since both were children. Paul Whitmore, a London artist, had come to the village to rest and to sketch and was stopping with Mrs. Fagg, landlady of the "Bladebone." He had met Patty Westropp, a handsome rustic lass, the beauty of the village, daughter of Roger Westropp, farmer and gardener, miserly in his habits. Paul had been infatuated with Patty's beauty and had managed to see her several times in the few days since his arrival. She had been flattered by his attentions, and was even more infatuated with him. Mr. Whitmore had also been received at the Rectory, and Bright fancied he was being favored by Nuna. Under this spur Bright had asked Nuna to marry him, and she though professing highest friendship for him had said she did not love him. Roger had been away a few days, returning with the news that Patty's maternal grandmother had died, leaving her small property in his trust for Patty. Miss Coppock, a dressmaker from a large town nearby, with whom Patty had once seen service had come to the Rectory professionally.

CHAPTER XI

THE FIRST thought that came to Patty on awakening the next morning was that she had forgotten to give her father the rector's message. Roger looked amazed and confounded when he heard it. The reference to "family news" suggested to him at once that it must be something concerning his brother Walter. This younger brother had been a wild, careless youth, left dependent on Roger; and folks had said that if Walter Westropp had met with less harsh and niggardly treatment in boyhood he might not have been thrown among the associates who led him astray. Walter got into mischief, and to save exposure, Roger paid his brother's passage out to Australia. Once since, at the urgent entreaty of his wife, he had sent a few pounds to the young prodigal, when Watty had represented himself as sorely in need of help. This was all that had passed between the brothers, but till she died Mrs. Westropp kept up a correspondence with her young brother-in-law, and Patty had cherished visions of the return of this long lost uncle with a nugget of Australian gold. Roger knew better than that, or thought he did. Watty was a scamp and a disgrace, and would never be anything else—this was Roger's version of his family history.

Roger pushed his breakfast away; anxiety was the only food he could digest. He felt convinced that not only did the news concern Watty, but that he was in England. That meant more trouble, and probably a demand for more assistance. So in this perturbed state of mind, Roger soon found himself at the Rectory. There the solemn manner with which Mr. Beaufort welcomed him into his study more than confirmed his fears that something portentous had happened.

The Rector produced a letter in a large official looking envelope, and this did not tend to allay Roger's apprehensions.

As Mr. Beaufort read, the old man found it no easy matter to follow him. The letter was from a lawyer in Sydney, and there was much technical language in it. Three facts, however, stood out clearly. Watty was dead; Watty had died rich; and Watty had made Martha Westropp his heiress.

Mr. Beaufort read the letter through in his most magisterial manner, even to the signature, and then glanced at Roger with eager curiosity.

But Roger looked as unmoved as the bookcase behind him.

"I must congratulate you—at least, no, I believe I should condole with you on the loss of your brother in the first place," here the Rector hesitated. "There is a letter from him too; it is addressed to the lawyer, but it is plainly meant for you."

No muscle of Roger's face stirred, but he stretched his hand out suddenly for the letter.

"I'll give it you," Mr. Beaufort said; "but I want first to ask how this is to be communicated to Patty?"

"She need know nothing, sir, till she come of age," Roger spoke sharply.

Mr. Beaufort waved his white hand. "Stop a minute; you cannot keep it from her. The tidings are not sent to you, Roger, at all; they are sent to me in trust for Patty. I communicate them to you first because I think a parent should always be taken into confidence first about anything affecting the happiness of his child; but so far as I can make out, Patty will have

something like £50,000." Roger started, and his lower jaw dropped. "Now you are too sensible not to see that such a property as this must alter her whole manner of life; and the first thing to be thought of is to give her a good education, and such a bringing up as may enable her to fill the new place in life which she is called to occupy; she is quite young enough to avail herself of these benefits, and quite old enough to understand that she is called to new duties."

"Fifty thousand pounds did ye say, sir? Watty must ha' hoarded rarely!" His face twitched rapidly; he felt more sympathy for his brother than he had ever felt before.

"Yes, that is about the amount of the property; but I don't think your brother hoarded." Mr. Beaufort could not keep back a smile. "You told me, if you remember, that he went to some gold-digging and was thoroughly unsuccessful; it appears that after considerable wandering about the country he secured a bit of land, on which gold was afterwards discovered which founded Watty's fortunes."

"And do you mean to say, sir," Roger's eyes gleamed with repressed excitement, "that my brother Watty dug £50,000 in gold out o' the inside o' the earth?"

Roger's bony hand clenched nervously; he longed for a spade in it, and to be at that moment treasure-seeking on his own account.

"Not altogether, but Watty seems to have been a prudent, practical man. He turned this discovery to good account, and then placed the money he so gained in the hands of one of the first merchants in Sydney, and the result proves, you see Roger, that money makes money more by using than by hoarding it."



Courtesy of Myerson's Magazine

"No-no, indeed; I don't want to see you again."

"He was ready enough to tell of his mischances," said Roger bitterly; "he couldn't let us know of his well-doing."

"Well, that is past and gone. Now perhaps you would like to read his letter; and I think, that we will go down to the cottage, and we can tell Patty the news between us."

Roger made no answer; he saw that the Rector would tell the girl with his consent or without it, but he was thoroughly unconvinced.

Education! Why, that meant a boarding-school; and that would spend ever so much of the money to begin with, and would also teach Patty ways and means of spending more of it. To Roger, money was a precious thing in itself. She could read and write; what more learning did she want? A vision of investing some of the money in the purchase of live stock, so that he might give up service and reap his own reward from the experience he had acquired, came into his mind. These thoughts occupied him till the Rector went out of the study to prepare for his walk. He had placed Watty's letter on the table beside Roger, but his eagerness to read it had subsided. A superstitious dread crept over the hard man as he looked at this message from the grave.

A thought like this came to help him: "I always did my dooty by him. Maybe, if I'd been more yielding, he'd ha' been softer still than what he was; maybe it was my keeping him strict as gave him the backbone to do so much."

But against this reasoning two faces rose in mute appeal. Watty's face, with bright eyes and curly hair, and the face of his own wife—the quiet, subdued woman she had died, not the merry-hearted, prattling maiden he had wooed and married.

"Martha always said there were good in the lad, so she were right after all," he said in a softened voice.

It was easier to take up the letter now. He opened it, and flattened it on the table with his hand. The beginning was brief and formal, chiefly relating to business matters but at the end was this paragraph—

"My brother Roger will likely ask why I leave the money to his child Martha instead of him? You can tell him this at the time you tell him the news: first and foremost, because she's the child of Martha, who never gave me an unkind word; and next, because she's his daughter, and I won't if I can help it, give him the chance of turning her to the bad as he turned me. Tell him, that if I'd felt I had a friend to go to instead of a hard judge, I would never have gone astray nor have done what has made me always ashamed to hold up my head amongst other men. I don't harbor malice against Roger, you may say that much, but I do feel glad and happy that I've taken it out of his power to make that girl's life wretched by his miserly harshness. May the money do her more good than it's done me, but I'm not sure;—perhaps I'd been wiser if I'd builded a church or a hospital."

"Miserly harshness!" Had not Patty said almost the same words? Roger's face worked convulsively; but Mr. Beaufort opened the door, and in an instant he looked as usual.

He got up and followed the Rector. His face looked grayer, older, and there was a strange contraction in his eyes. He folded the letter and put it in its cover.

"Here's the letter, sir," he said.

"You have more right to it than I." The Rector spoke kindly, but he did not look at Roger. He understood the man's proud nature too well to hint his motive; but it seemed to him that some day or other, if not today, the truth so plainly stated might make itself heard, and work on the hard sordid heart as his own preaching had failed to work.

CHAPTER XII

FATHERS AND DAUGHTERS

Patty listened in perfect silence while the Rector announced his golden tidings, and then she glanced up like a shy kitten, at her father and at Mr. Beaufort.

The Rector got up and held out his hand to her. "I congratulate you sincerely, Martha; and if I or Miss Beaufort can be of any service to you in the way of advice as to your future proceedings, as I

believe we can be, we shall be glad to help you."

"Thank you, sir," Patty curtsied at the end of this speech, but the mention of Nuna had quieted the flutter of her excitement.

"You must have good teaching, and so on, you know. Come up to the Rectory when you have had time to think it over and ask for Miss Nuna; she can tell you a good deal about suitable teachers, masters and so forth. Now I dare say you and Roger would like to talk it over alone."

And the Rector went away.

Will Bright was driving up-hill as fast as the black horse would take him; he drew up when he saw Mr. Beaufort.

"Where is your friend, Will? I thought you were to take him out to Gray's with you."

"My friend," Will's emphasis on the word was not friendly, "prefers 'The Baldebone' to Gray's Farm. Ashton is plainly too attractive for him just at present."

"I'm sorry" he said; "you and Mrs. Bright would have found him a pleasant inmate, I fancy. But, Will, I want to talk to you about that bit of waste land below my first meadow. Cannot you come back and have luncheon? Nuna will be glad to see you."

"Thank you; no," Will Bright gathered up the reins in his hands ready for a start. "I have seen Nuna this morning."

The tone woke up Mr. Beaufort; he looked at the young man. "What's the matter, Will? I'm sure there's something amiss."

"I've been a fool, that's all," the young fellow said. He turned his head away; he longed to drive on, but the Rector was standing too close.

"Have you and Nuna quarrelled?" he said in a fretful voice.

Will turned round and faced him. "Quarrelled is not the word, and no one is to blame but me. I was hasty, and you can guess what I mean," he said impatiently. "You advised me not to be in a hurry, yourself."

"Ah," said the Rector. He drew back out of the way; it seemed to him there was nothing to be said.

"Poor Will!" Mr. Beaufort watched the young farmer driving rapidly away. "I'm afraid he's a blundering fellow, after all. Can't he see that Nuna is only a child, without a notion of love in her head? And I'll venture to say he asked her to be his wife without any preface or courtesy. Will wants breeding, fine fellow as he is. And yet I don't really see how Nuna could do better than marry Will. I suppose I must say something to her. Dear me, it is very awkward—very awkward and troublesome. I feel quite worried. I made up my mind yesterday not to find fault any more till Elizabeth comes. Well, why can't Elizabeth settle this? Dear me!" he gave a sudden start; "why, Elizabeth will be here tomorrow, and I have not told Nuna she's coming." He hurried indoors.

Even if he had not met Will, the Rector must have seen that something unusual had happened, Nuna looked so shy and conscious. "I have just met Will, and I find you have been quarrelling." Nuna grew red.

"I am very sorry, but I don't want Will to come here again for a long time."

Her father stroked her hair with unusual graciousness. Fathers seem often to take a secret pleasure in the rejection of their daughters' suitors.

"Nonsense," he laughed; "I expect Will blundered, and you are too young to know your own mind, child. Oh, by the bye Nuna, Elizabeth Matthews has written to say that she can come and stay with us; she is coming tomorrow, so will you have a room got ready?"

"Tomorrow! O father, are you sure? Is there no way of preventing it?"

But her father's graciousness had fled.

"Don't be such a child; why should you object to seeing your cousin? Pray don't let me hear another word of objection." To ensure safety he went away, and shut himself in his study.

Nuna walked up and down as if she felt caged.

Meantime at the cottage Patty spoke her mind boldly.

"Now, father, I want to hear more about all this. Mr. Beaufort seems to have got a half way of telling things; in the first place he never said how it was poor uncle came to think about me at all."

"That can't signify nothing," Roger spoke roughly, and then he softened. "You'll learn all about it, lass, I don't doubt, when you're up at the Rectory along of Miss Nuna."

"I'm not going up to the Rectory, father."

He turned and looked at her. She was standing against the wall, paler than usual, with her lips firmly closed. Roger rarely saw his own face, but he had a secret consciousness at that moment that Patty resembled him.

"What d'ye mean, lass?"

Roger would have scorned the accusation if it had been brought against him, but he felt already a secret reverence for Patty, or rather for Watty's wealth in her person.

"I'm not going up to the Rectory; I'm not going to be patronized any longer. I can get much better advice than that poor dawdle of a Miss Nuna can give me. I mean to be another sort of lady altogether to what she is, father. Don't you trouble yourself about me."

Her father looked at her curiously. She had begun to walk up and down the tiled floor, with her head

thrown back, and with long, almost stately steps: he thought she was certainly a well-looking lass. But even her newly-acquired importance could not make him pass over her slighting mention of Miss Beaufort.

"If you grow to be as good and kind-spoken a young lady as her, you may be thankful. Don't make me ashamed of you, Patty; don't let the Ashton folk say as Watty's gold has turned your head and made a fool of you all in a minute. Who d'ye mean can give you better advice than her?"

"Why, Miss Coppock, to be sure. Haven't I told you that she's as well taught, and all the rest, as Miss there? She wasn't brought up to the dressmaking; she had maids of her own from the first.

Roger shook his head.

"My lass, you've not lived long enough yet to learn the difference of real gentle-folks and make-believes; and I tell you," he struck the table with his fist, "you won't find a truer lady than Miss Nuna anywhere. Why, child, Miss Coppock can only teach you backstairs ways; she knows more about the maids than she do about the mistresses."

"She's got twice the manners Miss Nuna have," said Patty, sulkily.

"Manners!" Roger looked at her slowly; he tried to keep down his strong contempt, but it rose in spite of him. "Pretty manners! fallals and a smile that seems as if it was always lying on top of her face ready for use, and a way of marching along the street like a peacock. Them's the manners Miss Coppock have to teach. Look you here, Patty, you could paint out the old mildew on the scullery wall if you laid the paint on thick enough—on'y for a while, mind you, it's there all the same, it 'ud come through. Any woman that's 'cute enough can ape a few airs and graces. If you don't know a true lady when you see one, Patty, it's like you'll be taking up with the wrong sort o' patterns. Don't let's have no more nonsense, there's a good lass."

Roger had been moved by Watty's letter, and now he was moved out of his slow cautious speech. His rugged worldly nature had been shocked to its foundation—shocked, no more—and he was anxious to escape from the subject altogether; it had unhinged him from his usual track of life. He went out into the garden and began to dig potatoes.

Patty stood quietly in the low, meanly furnished room. She pinched her arm at last, and then her lips parted in a smile.

"I suppose it's true," she said. "Good gracious! it's like fairyland; it's more like dreams I've had," and then she put her hands before her eyes, for the room was going round and round, while dresses, and jewels, and carriages, and luxurious drawing-rooms, filled with light and glitter, enveloped her in a chaos of brilliant confusion.

It seemed as if her usual collected self was deserting Patty Westropp, and that a double transformation was effected. She was not only rich, but she felt fevered, impatient, excitable, as if she could not wait even hours for the leap into this new glorious life which was so surely hers.

CHAPTER XIII

MISS COPPOCK'S COUNSEL

Roger's digging was interrupted by the arrival of Miss Coppock.

"Good morning, Mr. Westropp;" the milliner gave him one of the ready-made smiles. "Shall I find Martha within?"

Roger answered by digging his spade into the ground, and, leaving it there, he came forward and placed himself in the path of his visitor.

"Good morning, ma'am; come this way a bit, will you?" and he walked on till Miss Coppock was fairly hidden again among the scarlet-runner vines.

"Now ma'am, I've a word to say, and when you've heard what it is you'll excuse my being short of manners. Patty have got great news for you; she's rich now; she've had sums of money left her. Now, Miss Coppock, I know you're a clever woman, for I hear you manage your own business right well by your own self. Martha'll want to consult you; women must talk to one another, I suppose, but I want to have my say first. Money's a fine thing; but it ain't like the leaves, it don't grow again when it's spent. My lass is a good girl now, but she's just one that a very little wrong advice would send to the bad altogether. Hold her in, ma'am, hold her in, if ye'd do a friend's part; she's too full of spirit; she wants the curb just now. That's all, ma'am." He stood aside to let her pass.

While he spoke, Roger had become sensible of a change in the milliner's face; the artificial smile faded, and a look of eager interest took its place; and this expression suited her features so much better than the former one that it was natural to suppose it the more rightfully her own.

She held out her hand to Roger.

"I'm very glad to hear your good news; you may trust me, Mr. Westropp." She went on fast to the cottage.

Roger looked after her.

"Maybe Patty's right," he said; "I've a notion there's more in you woman than ribbons and such; she forgot all her smiles and mincings at hearing of Patty's luck."

Patty heard her friend's footsteps, and met her in the porch. She was going to shake hands as usual,

but Miss Coppock bent forward and clasped her warmly to her.

"I congratulate you, my dear child, with all my heart. I cannot express to you how truly rejoiced I am." She kissed Patty affectionately before she released her.

"I'm somebody now, arn't I? I'm as worth coming all the way from Guildford to see as Miss Beaufort herself."

"You mustn't say that, I came to see you before I even heard the news."

"Then you didn't hear it at the Rectory?"

"Oh dear no! your father told me as I came in."

"And he told you to give me good advice, and, above all, not to be extravagant; I know, I know. Now, Miss Patience, there's no use in looking innocent, I know the ways of him. Suppose we go up in my bedroom and have a good talk all to ourselves, if you don't mind." She led the way without waiting for her visitor's answer.

Patty closed the door, and then she turned round on her friend without even asking her to sit down.

"Father wants me to take advice with Miss Beaufort." She kept her eyes on her friend's face and she saw the cloud there. "Now I just don't mean to—I don't like her, and more than that, I'd rather have your advice than anyone's else. I want to tell you the first plan that come in my head when I thought about it."

"I suppose you know you must have an education?" Miss Coppock spoke gravely and simply.

"Oh yes, I must have learning, but that comes after; it'll take us days and days to plan everything. The first thing to be done is to go away from this quietly without saying where we're going, so as no one can make us out to be the same again."

"But you will be traced somehow."

"I don't see it," said Patty, decisively; and Miss Coppock found herself swayed by the command in the girl's manner. "We'll have to change our names; but I know that can be done without trouble. I learned that only yesterday."

The colour flew up to Patty's temples, and flushed face and throat painfully. Till now she had completely forgotten Paul Whitmore.

As we grow older, and autumn comes to our hopes, we find it easier to yield them up, and build plans on their ruins; and as Patience Coppock stood there listening to Patty, and contrasted the green fresh certainty of the girl's life with the withered brownness of her own, a notion grew in her brain—grew quickly as a fungus grows. She would never see the future that had once seemed so certain. She must give up all hope of an independent life, but she might realize an easy, luxurious future of rest instead of toil by this golden lot that had fallen to Patty. To do this she foresaw she must submit herself to her former apprentice; and in spite of her curtsies and her smiles there was a stubborn independence in the dressmaker—the independence that had been to her as a life-belt, when the waters of despair had once all but closed over her head. But the more worldly spirit conquered; it whispered, "You may make yourself so useful that you will be invaluable;" and hand in hand with this came a more evil suggestion: "Knowledge is power," she thought, "and I must know all Patty's secrets if I am to get hold of her."

The girl's sudden emotion gives her resolve a power of action; the ill-written note she has received is fresh in the dressmaker's memory.

"How about your friend from London, Patty? What does he say to all this?"

If she hopes to take Patty by surprise she is mistaken. The deep blue eyes are raised unshrinkingly to her face.

"I don't understand you; I said a gentleman had sketched my likeness, and I expected he would take my picture. I never said he was a friend as I could talk my affairs to."

Miss Coppock laughs.

"Come, come, Patty, there's no use in half-confidences. Why did you write to me at all, if when I come to answer your letter you begin by denying? You'll make me think that it was all a fancy of yours, and that you've seen no more of this gentleman."

"You'll think very wrong, then; he comes and sees me every day." And then the girl wishes that her words were unspoken.

"Is he going to marry you, Patty?"

There is a keen, pitiless query in the dark eyes bent fully on Patty's working face. Miss Patience has had plenty of apprentices, pretty girls many of them, and she has had to sift the facts of more than one sad story before now.

"I suppose that rests with me," Patty tosses her head. "You needn't look so hard, Miss Coppock. He all but asked me to be his wife this morning, and he is coming again tomorrow,—this evening, maybe, if father goes out."

"Patty"—there is such a stern warning in her friend's voice that the girl starts—"if he only comes to see you when your father's away, he doesn't mean to marry you; he's only trifling and amusing himself—perhaps worse."

"For shame, Miss Coppock! He has as much respect for me as if I was a lady born; and don't you suppose he'll want to marry me fast enough when he knows I am as good as a lady?"

Patience Coppock looks keenly at the flushed face,

(Continued on page 37)

The Uplift of the Yellow Roses

By Helena H. Thomas

"Your neighbor looks as if life was a burden this morning. She has ironed steadily ever since I took my seat by this window."

"Poor woman! It is hard for her to be so overtaxed this hot day," said kind-hearted Mrs. Gleason, "especially when she is unaccustomed to working beyond her strength."

"Why does she do it then?" queried the guest. "She looks frail."

"She is, but they have met with reverses recently, and so, brave little woman! she is trying to do double duty."

"She will find that bad policy," was the rejoinder, "if she breaks down under the unwonted pressure."

"Yes, but I hardly think she will for she is such a cheery body that she rebounds, as it is impossible for a worried person to do."

"She doesn't look very cheery just now as she wipes the perspiration from her face," said the guest laughingly, "she looks more as if she needed cheering."

"Dear heart! perhaps she does," replied the woman who was ever on the alert for opportunities to scatter sunshine, as she suddenly disappeared.

"I wonder if these roses will carry the needed cheer!" exclaimed Mrs. Gleason a little later, re-entering the room and holding aloft an artistically arranged bouquet of yellow roses.

"Why, they are beautiful, to be sure! but—"

"But what?"

"Well, when I give flowers I always select something more lasting. I am really partial to those dear, old-fashioned roses, and have a hedge of them on my own grounds, but I never think of picking them for my friends."

"You have much to choose from," said Mrs. Gleason, "while just now these roses are all the bloom I have. But that is more than my tired neighbor has, and I am sure she will welcome them for she is passionately fond of flowers of every description."

"Were you right in thinking the roses would be an uplift to the weary woman?" queried the guest as the giver returned.

"I think so, though she did not say as much in words. I just slipped to the open window and handing them to her, said, 'You look tired. I hope these will help you to forget your weariness!' Then such a change came over her face as she eagerly grasped them! But she did not say one word. She just buried her burning cheek in them, and so I left her."

The evening of the same day the recipient of the roses came to the home of her thoughtful neighbor, looking so rested and cheery that both the giver and her guest wondered how they could have felt to pity her a few hours previous. "I came over to thank you for those dear yellow roses," exclaimed she as soon as seated. "I could not find my voice before you were out of hearing."

"Frailty is another name for them," said Mrs. Gleason, "and because of that some think it hardly worth while to cull them, much less give them away, but I knew you would not take exceptions to anything in the form of a flower."

"Why, Mrs. Gleason, have I never told you that yellow roses are my pet flowers?"

"I do not recall that you have."

"Well, indeed they are! Now I admit that life seemed a bit hard for a little while this morning, for we have been having so much company that the ironing was larger than I have ever undertaken before, but the sight of those beautiful roses awakened such sweet memories that I forgot all else as I finished my task."

"I judge from your manner that there is some romance connected with the golden beauties," said Mrs. Gleason, as the speaker finished.

"All the romance of my life, for that



Three Roses

Bright Roses for love, now choose thee,
Which is the fairest and best,
From budding bush in the border
To the Rose tree's regal crest.

All bright, dewy-tipped, and fragrant,
Delicate, dainty and shy,
A secret, sweet, in its bosom,
A tear and a smile in its eye;
This half-opened bud which blushes
Its fringes of moss above,
I choose, for its grace and beauty
As symbol of maiden's love.

For its lustrous, matchless splendor,
For joys its beauties impart,
For the lavish way it squanders
The richest sweets of its heart,
For its queenly air and color,
The depths of its velvet hues;
Symbol of wifely devotion,
This royal, Red Rose, I choose.

For purity, fair and spotless,
For breath, fresh as early morn,
Because its warm heart is golden,
Because it has ne'er a thorn,
Because its blooms are unfading,
So sweet none can e'er refuse;
Symbol of mother's affection,
This modest, White Rose, I choose.

These three sweet Roses lie clustered
In tender grace on my breast;
Had love but one dowry brought me,
My life would still have been blest.

—Dart Fairthorne

matter," was the laughing rejoinder. "For I married my first lover, to whom I pledged myself with only the yellow roses, which hid us from view, as my witness. Through the vista of years I seem to see Robert now, as he plucked a rose and placed it in my hair, and talked as only a lover can."

"No wonder the roses that some place little value upon are dear to you," rejoined the hostess.

"But that was not all that endeared them to me. We were so situated that we could not marry at once. Meantime, Robert left home, but before we separated it was settled that when next the yellow roses bloomed they would adorn a bridal feast."

"Did they?"

"Yes, oh yes," said the smiling woman, who paused as if the memories were too sacred to be voiced. "Our plans were carried out, yellow roses and all. So many were in evidence that the dear old minister, who married my mother before me, said, as he glanced about the rose-trimmed rooms: 'God grant that this golden bloom may be a type of your married life clear down to the very end!'"

"From what I have seen, I feel safe in saying that thus far yours has been an exceptionally happy life," ventured Mrs. Gleason as the speaker's tear-filled eyes showed her depth of feeling. Perhaps not all 'couleur de rose,' but happy, in the main."

"Yes, indeed!" was the emphatic rejoinder of the erstwhile bride. "To be sure we have met with losses, but, as Robert often says, 'that's nothing so long as we have each other'. I think I came nearer losing heart this morning than ever before—and then those roses! and instead of an overwrought woman I was soon so light of heart that I felt like a girl again."

"Well, well!" exclaimed Mrs. Gleason's guest, who had been an eager listener, "I shall never again think it is not worth while to pass on what will brighten but a few hours."

"I suppose mine is an exceptional case," said the caller, with a happy sigh, "but the dear yellow roses appeal to me as American Beauties, even, could not."

Summer Care of Geraniums

By L. Eugenie Eldridge

The winter of 1903 and '04 was, as readers of Vick's Magazine will remember, terribly cold. Many shrubs and outdoor plants winter-killed in northern latitudes and many cherished window plants met the same fate. Among that number were my own loved geraniums.

About the first of the May following I received from a friend six or seven unrooted geranium cuttings and one fine one from a florist.

After rooting them I set them in pots of rich earth and watched them grow. Whenever a bud appeared I snipped it off.

When summer arrived I set them on the veranda, watered them and the good air and sunshine did the rest.

They grew strong and healthy. With the autumn I set them in my sitting-room window and early in winter they began to bud. Great trusses of flowers were borne. Beautiful mottled pink, edged with carmine, double scarlet vivid and valiant, a lovely pink with white eye, a cream white in delicate richness, and Souvenir of Mirande, coming true to its description.

These seven pots of geraniums and two of double petunias have kept my windows bright with bloom.

One may say there is small culture where a few geraniums take the prize. But it is the flowers to which I refer.

If any flower-lover wishes to revel in winter blooms she must be "forehanded" as the farmers used to say.

Start right out now, if this meets the eye in early summer. After slips are well-rooted set where they have a good chance to grow. Keep buds back until placed in the winter window.

I know the practice of August slipping florists recommend. I have great respect for their wisdom, but experience is knowledge. Unless conditions are right for good and rapid growth the August slipping will not insure early winter blooming.

Jack and the Beanstalk

By C. N. HILL

Telling How the Soil was Prepared and How the Bean was Planted

CHAPTER IV.

SIR GEORGE'S HOUSEHOLD.

HOW shall I describe Sir George's daughter? She herself was somehow puzzled to find herself so unlike her home, her education, her father and mother. Where had she had come from? From which of the framed grandmothers had she inherited her peculiar organization? They had not been chary of their gifts. One had given her her name; a legacy for which Apollina Gorges was by no means grateful. She called herself Lina, and made the best of it; another had bestowed upon her her beautiful golden hair. A third had bequeathed her beautiful hands and arms, and a harp and a voice of rarest and sweetest quality, although it had the peculiarity that some notes were almost entirely missing. Lina could not consequently sing all sorts of music, Scotch and Irish melodies suited her best. This beautiful creature stood somewhat above the usual height of women. She was slight and straight. She had regular features; some people said they were inanimate, and reproached her with being stiff and motionless, and also with having one shoulder a little higher than the other and a head too small for her body. But say what they would, they could not deny her beauty; she herself did not care for her own good looks, but she was pleased with her beautiful hands and feet, and her serenity was not above being tempted by smart little slippers embroidered in gold, and quite unsuitable for anything but the glass cases in which the shoemaker kept them. Those who called her stiff did not know her, for she was one of those shy, but responsive people, who do not make advances; she was spirited, with a touch of melancholy; sometimes silent for hours together, sometimes suddenly excited. A word was almost enough; she would respond to a touch, as people say. It was a nervous and highly-strung nature, too impressionable for its own happiness in life. Lina was not perfect I must admit; she was cross sometimes, and very sensitive to the changes of weather; she was obstinate with all her sensibility, and would harp upon one idea; a storm set her quivering and almost beside herself; even a heavy fall of rain would put her nerves ajar, and untune her for several hours. She was not very active in her habits; her father would have liked her to show more taste for country pursuits, but she rarely went beyond her pretty morning-room or her wood on the lawn outside. This walk with her sister was a very exceptional event, only Lady Stella could have brought her so far from home. Lina did not seem very happy. She was not so happy as she ought to have been, but then it was the habit of the house to be silent and constrained, especially in Sir George's presence, and Lina had lived there for twenty years, and had learnt the habit. Lady Gorges set the example. She was afraid of her husband; even for her children's sake she had never attempted to hold her own with him. Lady Gorges had shrunk from righteous battle; now she was a sad and spiritless woman; her life was one terror; her husband had some curious influence over her which seemed to paralyze the poor thing; she would start and tremble when he spoke to her suddenly. She was a pale, stout woman, with fair hair, and some remains of beauty still. Harold, her second son, resembled her. She was her favorite child; Jasper, the eldest, looked too like his father for the poor lady to feel quite at ease in his company. Lina also greatly preferred Harold to her eldest brother; she was not a little excited when she heard of his engagement. And the very first day that her brother's wife came in smiling, through the great folding drawing-room doors, Lina was very sure that she should love her sister-in-law.

As for Lady Stella, she was a happy woman, people said; there were few who did not love her. She was brown-eyed, russet-haired, tall and slender. She seemed to be able to bear with life gently, and yet to hold firmly withal to what she had once determined. Poor Apollina Gorges often envied her in a responsive, admiring sort of way. Most of all she envied her, perhaps, for the ease with which she held her own in the home where poor Lina herself had little power of so doing. Lady Stella was younger than Miss Gorges, but she came of a large and united family. Brothers and sisters,

pathies of warm friends, often stand in the place of years of experience, and give the confidence that others only gain with age. Lady Stella knew far more of the world outside Stoney-moor park gates than did poor Miss Gorges at the time when those gates opened wide to welcome the sunshiny bride to her husband's home—so for want of a better word he called it.

Lady Stella brought a good portion of brightness and sweet temper, but not much beside. Mr. Gorges was not ungrateful for this pleasant dowry. He was surprised and enchanted by the way in which she took her place, meeting his father's gloomy authority, his mother's silence and coldness, and Apollina's alternate reserves and outpourings with perfect sweetness and a courage he had never attained to. If Lady Stella's courage failed her in the first days of her stay at Stoney-moor Court no one ever knew it, except perhaps Lady Mary, her confidante, an invalid sister, who had long been established as the family prescriber and sympathizer. Sir George was a bully by nature. What else could he be, with his fierce eyebrows, his thin lips, tightly drawn over a set of gleaming false teeth, and his tendency to suppressed gout? Nobody had ever said "No" to him. The first time that Lady Stella contradicted him, with one of her pretty little smiles, there was a sudden terror and silence in the room. Lady Gorges gave one scared glance at the butler, in her confusion. Sir George, who was crunching a lark, gulped the little creature, bones and all, in surprise. Lady Stella went on as if she noticed nothing, looked up at him with those clear eyes of hers. "I think Harold ought to investigate the subject," she said. "Mr. Bridges came down to my father's village, and I know my father attended the meeting." "Your father can do as he likes," shouted Sir George. "My tenants know that I am not to be trifled with."

CHAPTER V.

LADY STELLA ATTEMPTS CONCILIATION.

Foxslip Wood in summer time is a delightful place—green to the soul. The suggestions of natural things have often seemed as much a part of their charm as the actual beauties we admire. Beyond the coppice here and there where the branches broke asunder, sweet tumults of delicate shadowy hills were flowing, gleams of light cloud, the pine-tops and the nut-leaves rustled, voices of birds, of insects, or streamlets broke the silence, tinklings from the flocks a-field, whistlings of crickets.

The wordless distraction was very grateful to Hans as he came striding along the narrow pathway, crushing the leaves and driving occasional fir-cones before him. He had been to the agent, and had sold his poor cow and the white pony, and he was disconsolately turning the money in his pocket, and thinking of the agent's disagreeable sneer as he had handed it over, of his mother's reluctance, of trouble ahead, of the squirrels up in the trees. Hans was young enough to be able to think of the squirrels as well as of his cares. Poor Hans went on his way, whistling the tune he had heard Miss Gorges singing the day before. He was a slim, brown-faced young fellow, dressed in the not unbecoming dress of a country farmer. He had a short coat and leather gaiters, and a sprig of heather in his hat. He carried a stick in his hand. He might have been any one—leather gaiters are not distinctive, and as useful to a Duke as to a farmer. Hans went along as if the whole wood belonged to him, instead of a tumbledown cottage and forty pounds in silver and county notes, to keep him and his mother for all the rest of their lives. A little adventure befell him presently. As he reached the end of the wood he thought he heard his name called, and looking round he saw a lady sitting under the great Spanish walnut tree that guards its entrance. A lady or a fairy is it?—Alas! there are no real fairies in such stories as mine.

If this is a fairy, she is the size of life, and looks very like Lady Stella of the Madonna face. In her hand she holds a long-sticked parasol, which she is waving to attract the young man's attention. Hans comes up with wondering eyes, for he recognizes one of the ladies he saw go by the gate—not she who sang, but the other. There sat the lady on the moss, comfortably installed, leaning against the trunk of the tree.

"I wanted to speak to you," she said, in a very sweet voice. "Come here. I shall not detain you a minute;" and as Hans stood before her, looking surprised, she blushed and explained with sweet upturned eyes, "I should have called at the farm today, but I have to go to the duke's christening fete. I am waiting for my pony-carriage; I walked on; it is to catch me up. I have something of yours, Mr. Lefevre," and Lady Stella then put her hand in her pocket and pulled out an envelope addressed to Hans in a handwriting so like his own, that he was still more puzzled. "My sister-in-law, Miss Gorges, picked up a paper, and read it by mistake, and asked me to ask you—" (The fairy became a little embarrassed.)

"I am the rector's wife," she said starting afresh. "It gave Miss Gorges the greatest pain to think any one could so misjudge her father, whom she loves dearly, and she requests you to burn the poem, and to remember in future that Sir George has only done what he felt right and just, and that it is dangerous to draw cruel and hasty conclusions."

"Right and just!" burst out Hans. "Do you know the stories people tell, do you know the state of things all about? He turns us out of our land; do you know what sum my grandfather paid for it? Has he ever told you the terms of the bargain?" Hans named a sum so large, that Lady Stella looked down.

It was most uncomfortable and distressing. The poor lady was longing to think well all round, but she began to be troubled. Her husband, to whom she had spoken, had looked very grave and said that he knew nothing about the transaction, but that he often took a different view from his father upon business questions, but Lina's passionate assertions had reassured her, and Lady Stella had meant to scold the boy gently, listen to his story if he had one, and explain away any misconception.

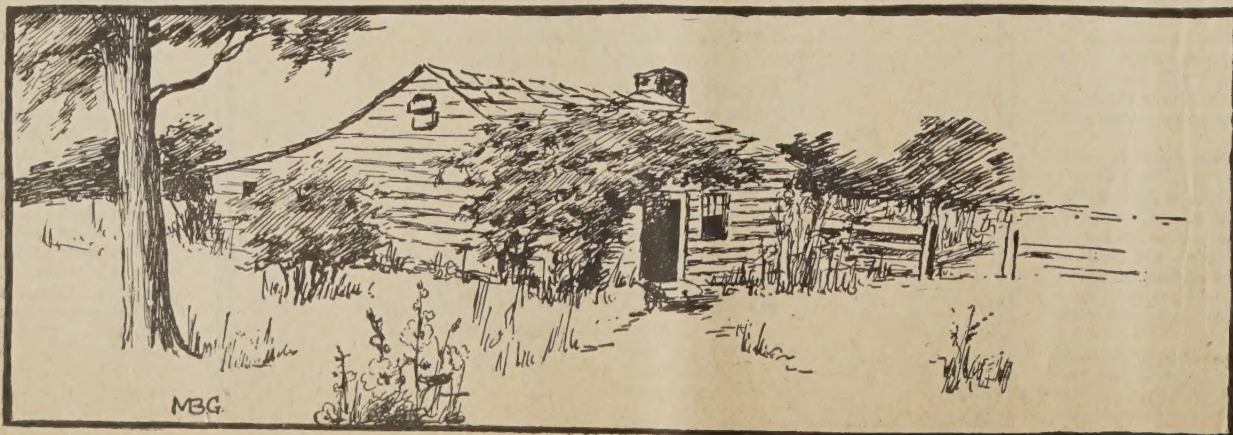
"But surely," she faltered, changing her ground, "you cannot think it right for a young man as you are, to attack an old man like my father-in-law, impute every dishonorable action to him, turn him into ridicule. You have given Miss Gorges more pain than you can have any notion of, and to me also."

"As for the verses," said Hans loftily, "I never meant any one to see them; I have no other copy, and I'm sure I do not know how they came into Miss Gorges' hands. You say they are enclosed in that"—as he spoke he tore the envelope into two or three pieces—"you cannot expect me," he went on with some rising anger, "to give up my honest right to my father's and grandfather's property; and when the day comes I shall most certainly try to claim it. I am very sorry indeed," he added, turning a little pale, "to give Miss Gorges any pain; I will never do anything that is not in fair open dealing: but I and my mother are ruined. We have hardly anything in the world left of all that was ours: I must think of her as well as of myself. You cannot ask me to make no effort to regain what I sincerely believe to be our own."

Lady Stella was more and more surprised and embarrassed. Her own brother could not have spoken better, more quietly, more courteously; with all her liberality she was half angry at the young man's persistence, and yet half won by his evident sincerity and moderation of manner.

"I am sure you are mistaken, and some day you will be sorry for your unjust suspicions," she said, warmly; "but any how, if ever I or my husband can be of any help to you in any way—will you"—her

voice softened, she put out her kind hand—"count upon us? He might advise you, and I have some little influence; you must be started in the world and get on better than you ever could now. I am sure that before long you will retrieve your fortune, and make your mother as proud as I hope my son will some day make me." She said it so sweetly, that Hans was completely disarmed; he could



MBG

not find words to thank her. The pony-carriage came up before he could speak. "Thank you for tearing the verses," she said, starting to her feet; "I shall tell my sister. And mind you come and see me. I shall expect you. Good-by, Mr. Lefevre," and with a kind, grave smile, the fairy drove off, brandishing her whip.

CHAPTER VI.

HANS MAKES AN INVESTMENT.

Hans walked on homewards, jingling the money in his pocket and thinking over this curious little interview. Had he pained them, those kind ladies? Should he go? He thought not; but he kept wondering what she was like at home. That sweet young lady! who would ever dream of imputing ill-meaning to her? Hans seemed to be in demand. As he passed "The Green Ladders" he saw Tom Parker, who had been away for some time, and who was now safely returned, standing with his hands in his pockets and his favorite stock in his button-hole, and a hat cocked on one side of his red shock head, looking more vulgar and important even than usual. "Here, Lefevre, I want to speak to you"—and stepping forward, he beckoned him mysteriously a little on one side. It was to tell Hans something that he had already told him more than once. There was to be a meeting of agricultural laborers held almost immediately in the bar-room of the little public. "We have secured Bridges; I am to say a few words myself," said Tom. "We asked Mr. Gorges, but I don't suppose he will care to come—too near home," said Tom with a chuckle. "You had better look in, Lefevre; what is the use of shutting your ears and eyes to what is happening? There's nothing to be done single-handed, union is everything; why, I don't despair of seeing our man in Parliament before we've done. By Jove, Lefevre, if I were you, I shouldn't lag behind. I have put your name down as a member of our Hillford Club. The Reds and Greens you know. We have got our organ at last. . . . I didn't tell you before, that is what I have been about."

"An organ," said Hans, bewildered. "Yes, weekly; first-rate—the *Excelsior*. There was an indirect reply to my leading article in the first number—see *Daily Telegraph* of yesterday—mentions no names, you know, but it is easy to know who it is aimed at."

"Do you write the leaders?" Hans asked, somewhat dazzled.

"That I am not at liberty to say," said Tom. "The editor alone knows and is responsible for the authorship of each article; Butcher—don't you know him?—a very remarkable man, I can tell you. He wants to make your acquaintance; he was very much struck by a conversation I repeated, and with your views upon agriculture. He is here."

Hans blushed up; it was flattering to hear that such a man as Mr. Butcher was interested in him.

"Do you think," he asked hesitating, "that if I were to send a few notes I have put down, there would be any chance of your getting them inserted into the paper?"

"Can't say, I'm sure," said Tom, absently looking up and down the road. Five or six laborers were coming up in their smocks and Sunday coats.

"Hillo! the Parson, by Jove!" said Tom suddenly. "These are the people whose bitter tyranny brings things to our present state," said a small man, coming up in shiny new clothes. "I don't think your young ogre would look so sleek if he could hear some of the things that will be said today concerning him and the old ogre—eh, Parker?"

Hans looked up as the new comer spoke, and saw the new clergyman coming along the lane. A little procession was following; laboring-men stumping along, or hobbling or trudging, according to their various loads of years, rheumatics, cares, hard work. The new married clergyman seemed pretty free as yet from any of these overweightings; and able to bear his quarter of a century with ease and hopefulness; his heart beat warmly, the sunlight was in his path, and his steps came straight and prosperous. Tom waited until Mr. Gorges caught him up, then he jostled somewhat rudely against the incumbent as he passed and sent some dust flying. Hans blushed up and made way with a little bow. He had not bargained for rudeness. He would have liked to apologize as he thought of the gentle look of Lady Stella's brown eyes.

"Is the meeting today?" said Mr. Gorges to Hans.

"We are all on our way there now," said Hans. "I am glad you think of coming, for it concerns us all."

Mr. Gorges looked up surprised as his wife had done. The young man answered him in a quiet voice; but it was clear and well modulated. He spoke as if he had been one of the prosperous ten thousand.

"I had not really—a—made up my mind about going," said Mr. Gorges, looking a little embarrassed. "You see my position is difficult; I don't want to show any bias one way or another," Harold went on floundering, for he saw a look of something like scorn on the young man's dark face and a sneer in that of the two others standing near. Hans looked away into the first battered face that went by; what chance had these poor clowns, measured against such prosperous plausible antagonists? For an instant he had thought this man was bringing his prosperity to the help of these unfortunates. He had misread the kind glances.

"I beg your pardon," Hans said; "I thought clergy-

men were by way of showing a bias in favor of those who want helping. I didn't know; I am only a farmer, and a very unsuccessful one;" and he walked on and caught up Tom Parker, who was laughing to himself.

"Well! here you are. There ain't anything to be got out of *them*; I could have told you so, only you wouldn't believe me. Cold-blooded sneaks, hard-hearted tyrants, we will teach them our power. Once set the *Excelsior* at 'em, you will see the old ogre down on his marrow-bones yet," and Tom cocked his straw hat and marched in through the narrow passage which led to the old sale-room at "The Green Ladders," where a deal table with a glass of water and a few rickety old benches were prepared.

"Here, set down by me," said Tom. "I am going to say a few words; but what's words—perhaps a dozen on 'em may 'ear them and all the good seed's throw'd away. Our organ is the real thing to give us the power, and we will use it, see if we don't. Look here, Hans," he said confidentially. "I am speaking as a friend; you take your four ten-pound shares—

It is June.

Ida Cleora Ball

Sorrow now is out of sight,
Everything is gay and bright,
Every heart filled with delight,—

It is June!

All about is joy and mirth,
Rejoicings at Summer's birth
Bringing gladness to the earth,—

It is June!

Flitting by on tireless wing,
Thrush and Robin sweetly sing
Carols learned in bygone spring,—

It is June!

Ever and anon the while
Pretty flowers nod and smile
Busy bees to beguile;—

It is June!

Know ye other days so rare,
Joyous days so free from care,
Roses blooming everywhere,
As in June!

The Songster of June

Susie M. Best

O gold-throated robin, sweet songster of June,
Who taught you that tune?

So rich and ecstatic it captures the heart,
And fills it and thrills it with magical art.

O robin, your melody ripples along
A liquid-sweet song.

You know very well, you demure little sprite,
Each note from your throat is a witching delight.

O robin, we listen like one in a trance
To your tuneful romance.

Sing on! You restore to us visions sublime
And care and despair are forgot for a time.

know you have the money by you—we give you six per cent interest to begin with, and a fair share of all the dividends, besides paying you for any occasional leaders or lighter articles that you may wish to contribute. Your fortune's made; you are no farmer, my boy; forgive me, you never will make anything out of the land; but you have brains and you know it, and take my advice and look to them for the crops."

Perhaps if there had only been Tom Parker and Butcher the agitator, in his shiny new clothes, to address the meeting, this story would never have been written. Hans was sorely tempted by Tom's proposal; but the thought of his mother's distress held him back, and yet, was it reasonable to refuse a good offer, made by a tried friend, because she was nervous and Tom's manners were bad? Hans looked up at his friend as he stood gasping and spluttering over his speech, grateful for a prompting word from Hans, who had quickly thrown himself into the spirit of the thing, and felt ready to make a speech himself before Tom had finished his first sentence. When Parker finished to a tune of

hobnails and shuffling, Mr. Butcher, the spirited proprietor of the *Excelsior*, took up the theme. He was an agitator by profession, and made his living by the wrongs of others; he was secretary to the Reds and Greens, a newly organized radical club. His glib fluent sentences rolled out as a matter of course. Bitterly true they were, but some truths seem almost like falsehoods in some people's mouths, vague, meaningless. Hans knew every detail to be accurate in the main, but he listened unmoved. The unfairness and one-sidedness of it all repelled him. He did not care to throw in his venture with such a man as this, and he grasped his forty pounds tight in his pocket.

Butcher sat down, mopping up his face, and then Mr. Bridges came forward. Hans had heard of him before, and looked up with some curiosity.

This was a middle-aged strong-set man, with a powerful honest face, and a powerful honest voice. He spoke with a slight country accent that was not disagreeable; on the contrary, it seemed to give point and character to his sentences, which came slowly and thoughtfully, rolling true to their mark. It seemed to some of those who listened that it was not one man speaking; it was the voice of a whole generation of men and women who were telling the manner of their daily life, of their daily wants.

The man who was speaking had lived through it all himself, and had felt hunger and biting cold, and seen his little children suffer. He had been in and out of other cottages besides his own, where the same cruel laws of want, cold, hunger were imposed by circumstance, by custom, by thoughtless platitude. He had seen little children overtaken and put to labour unfitted to their strength; he had seen women working in the fields, and their little babies of three weeks old brought out through the bitter wind, because the father could not, toiling early and late, earn enough alone for the home, not even if he had worked all the twenty-four hours of the day. He had seen men crippled and starved into premature old age, and as he spoke more than one of those present glanced at old Frank Conderell, crawling in, doubled up, and scarce able to stand; he was not sixty years old, but he looked a hundred. Bridges went on, not very bitterly, but clearly and to the point; it had been the custom, but there was no reason why the custom should remain. These men had been systematically underpaid, underfed, from no special unkindness and ill-will, but from the habit of the employers and the habit of resignation. But why should they resign themselves any longer to so cruel a state? Why consent to work for wages that did not represent the work nor anything nearly equivalent? Others had found out the strength of unity before this; "and I call upon all of your men," he said, "to unite, for the good of your children and of your self-respect and liberty, and to demand the increase of wages which most justly belongs to you. I myself have been without a loaf o' bread to set before my little ones, dismissed at a minute's notice, and with no redress. The magistrates won't convict the ma-asters, we have tried it again and again.

"Why, a pair of boots cost fourteen shillin', and a man's wages in some arts are twelve and thirteen shillin', a week. . . . I have seen people sore put to it," cried the orator, for he was an orator, "and my heart has bled for those unhappy children, doomed to toil, to lives of suffering and insufficiency. People talk of the glories of England; these are among the sorrows of our most unhappy country."

Nobody moved or spoke for an instant. Mr. Gorges had slipped in unperceived in the midst, and was sitting listening—a sense of wrong had come to some of the poor fellows present for the first time. Joe Blake got tipsy at the bar before he went home on the strength of his newly-awakened rights. Butcher beckoned Hans aside as the meeting dispersed.

"You have heard him," he said, eagerly; "will you join us? Will you help these poor creatures and benefit yourself at the same time? There is the organ waiting; it only wants wind and muscle, and money is muscle. . . . Give me your hand; Parker has vouched for you. A guinea a week to begin with, and six per cent."

Bridges came up at that moment with his earnest face.

"Are you a farmer and on our side, sir?" he said; "I wish with all my heart there were more such as you."

When the meeting was over, and Hans came home, pale and moved, in the twilight, and knocked at his mother's door, she ran to open and met him with open arms. The time had seemed long, and her heart had been yearning for him.

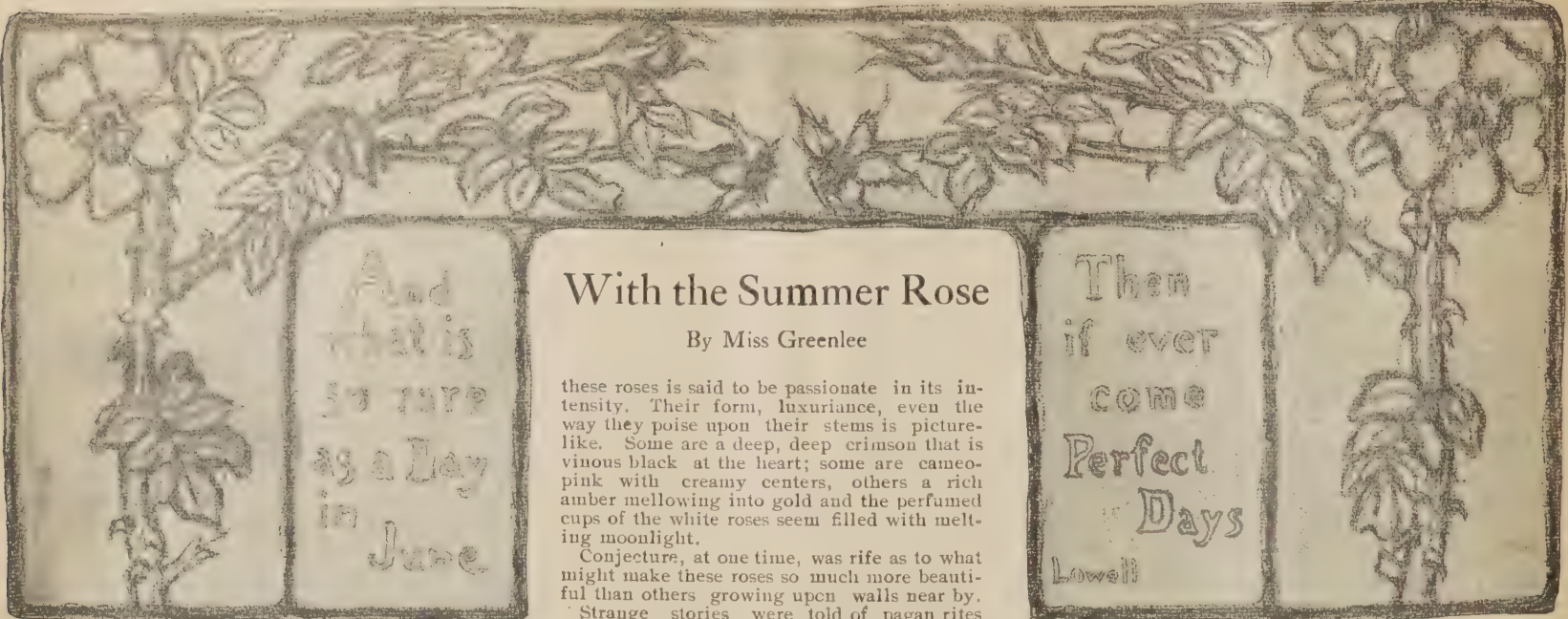
"Well, dear," she said eagerly, "where have you been, and you have sold the cow—and have you got the money?" "Better than that, mother," said Hans, with beaming happy eyes. "I think I see my way to a livelihood, to comfort you, and something I scarce care to do."

"What is it, dear?" said the widow, eagerly.

Jack put his hand into his pocket and brought out four slips of pink paper; they were four shares in the *Excelsior* newspaper. Poor Mrs. Lefevre gave a loud cry of despair.

When Hans awoke next morning, Tom Butcher was standing outside tapping at his bedroom window. "Here are the proofs of the report of the meeting," he cried; "the man sat up all night to put them into type."

(CONTINUED IN JULY.)



With the Summer Rose

By Miss Greenlee

These roses is said to be passionate in its intensity. Their form, luxuriance, even the way they poise upon their stems is picture-like. Some are a deep, deep crimson that is vinous black at the heart; some are cameo-pink with creamy centers, others a rich amber mellowing into gold and the perfumed cups of the white roses seem filled with melting moonlight.

Conjecture, at one time, was rife as to what might make these roses so much more beautiful than others growing upon walls near by. Strange stories were told of pagan rites performed about the roots, and of blood poured out as a libation upon the soil. But the old gardener who tended them kept his secret well until

Then
if ever
come
Perfect
Days

Lowell

THE honor and prestige of nationality may be conferred upon as many flowers as there are nations to adopt them, but the rose strikes its roots deeper still, into a soil that is universal. Since this old world began, its petals have been scattered through the history, the romance, the songs, the art, and the toil of nations, until now, groping back through the ages, we find them petrified in every strata of its progress, grave and gay.

And in their turn, how many a hero's name, how many a fair woman's face, the rose's perfume and pale pink petals have embalmed!

"Who is there now knows aught of his story?
What is there left of him but a name?
Of him who shared in Napoleon's glory,
And dreamt that his sword had won him fame?"

"Ah, the fate of man is past discerning!
Little did Jacqueminot suppose,
At Austerlitz, or at Moscow's burning
That his fame would rest in the heart of a rose."

Marechal Niel's name, too, may sometime be most familiar in connection with the superb yellow rose which bears it. A pretty story is told about the naming of this rose:

When the famous General Niel was returning from the Franco-Austrian wars the people gathered all along his way to heap honors upon the victorious old warrior. A peasant woman presented him with a basket of beautiful yellow roses. One of the flowers still clung to a portion of the root, and, admiring the rose very much, Niel planted it in his garden in Paris. The little stranger thrived in its new home, and when a large bush covered with beautiful flowers, the General presented it to the Empress Eugenie. She was greatly pleased with the gift, and found upon inquiry that the rose had no name. Thereupon, she smiled significantly at the donor and said, "Then I will christen it the Marechal Niel," at the same time bestowing upon him the emblem of his promotion to be Marshall of France.

Of still more warlike memory are the white and red roses of York and Lancaster. Oddly enough, perhaps, the fiercest and deadliest of all these "Wars of the Roses" was fought upon a field where a rose peculiar to the spot used to grow. It is a rare plant now, and the reason for this Mr. Leadman explains in his account of the Yorkshire battles. After describing the terrible conflict at Towton, England, on Palm Sunday, 1461, he says:

"I cannot conclude this story of Towton Field without an allusion to the little dwarf bushes peculiar to the 'Field of the White Rose and the Red.' They are said to have been plentiful at the commencement of this century, but visitors have carried them away in such numbers that they have become rare. Such vandalism is shameful, for the little plants are unique, and said to be unable to exist in any other soil. The little roses are white with a red spot in the center of each petal. As they grow old the under surface reddens."

Among the Romans the rose was oftener associated with the clink of glasses than the clank of swords.

"O royal rose! the Roman dressed
His feast with thee; thy petals presse!
Augustan brows, thine odor fine,
Mixed with the three-times-mingled wine,
Lent the long Thracian draught its zest."

Rome is a city of roses. They run riot everywhere, but those that cover the garden wall around the old palace in the Via Sistina are especially celebrated. Here once lived the famous epicure Lucullus, and when he was not feasting more grossly, a treat worthy of the gods remained for his eyes. The coloring of



To You a Rose

By Philip B. Strong

To you a rose, earth's fairest flower, sweet friend,
Yea, earth's one flower to you with this I send;

For when, in sooth, the rose doth hold our gaze
We quite forget all blooms we else might praise,
In single homage to the rose we bend.

Ay, in this blossom do all beauties blend,
Rare outline, color, fragrance here attend;
Nature her highest handiwork displays
To you,—a rose!

And so this peerless flower do I commend
To one for whom it well may freely spend
Its utmost perfume—brief, alas, its days!
While too doth breathe thro' fond if faulty phrase
Undying love (will my bold words offend?)
To you, A Rose.

one day a woman stumbled (?) over his watering pot, and found that it contained—beef-tea!
Roses from these same bushes may have enjoined secrecy concerning affairs of state upon the nobles

whom Lucullus gathered about his board, for, according to the old Roman custom a rose hung from the portal silently pledged all who passed beneath to reveal nothing that passed within.

In the Vale of Cashmere, the Feast of Roses is still celebrated as in the time of Nourmahal, and Persia has her festival of the "Scattering of the Roses," but Kenzalik, in Bulgaria, is the rose-metropolis of the world.

From the luxurious uses of the flower we here pass into practical ones. The roses are gathered, sorted, distilled and their perfume sold at fabulous prices. "There are bags full of roses, baskets heavy with roses, carts laden with roses. The women stick them in their long braided hair, the men in their belts, the children pull them and leave them on the road to die."

"There is rose-leaf jam to eat—very fresh and sweet it is—and there is rose-leaf syrup to drink. Every vase and vessel is full of roses. They drop upon you from unexpected places; great bunches of bright pink heads lying on the ground admonish you as you walk; you can make a bed of them if you will. Go to the granary, or rosary, and there you will find as soft and sweet a couch as ever an Arabian Knight' spread for an Eastern princess to dream upon."

"The rose-fields are enclosed with high walls, like an English kitchen-garden. In the shed where roses are stored the beautiful blossoms are spread out about a foot deep upon the floor. In the storeroom, where the precious attar made from them is kept in a large safe, the air is so scented as to be almost unbearable."

No other flower seems to grace romance so well as the rose, and rose-petals so continually besprinkle the fancy of some poets—Tom Moore's, for instance—that to read a page is like opening a jar of pot-pourri. The Southland is so essentially a land of roses that their perfume steals out from between the yellowing leaves of all its old romances.

From a rose Rosamond throws a kiss to her lover as he rides away to the wars, and if he is killed, or they quarrel, she refreshes with salt tears some dried specimen in a sandal-wood box. If he returns it is sure to be "under the rose" that the happy finale takes place.

To the fleeting summer rose, Herrick's poem,
"Gather ye rose-buds while you may,
Old time is still a-flying,"

is particularly applicable, but the intelligent owner of a tea-rose garden may gather flowers the year round. A pretty, dainty chemistry for womanly hands in summer time is the making of a rose-jar. In midwinter, when the whole room grows sweet with its fragrance, we may remember with less regret the flower's pink fairness since we have kept its soul.

Roses

Red as the wine of forgotten ages,
Yellow as gold of the sunbeams spun;
Pink as the gowns of Aurora's pages,
White as the robes of a sinless one,
Sweeter than Araby's winds that blow,
Roses, roses, I love you so!
Crowning the altar where vows are spoken,
Cradling the form that is still and cold,
Symbol of joy—of love's last token,
Telling the story that never grows old.
Cluster of beauty whom none can debar,
Know ye, I wonder, how fair ye are?
Blooming for monarch in palaces royal,
Queenliest charmers in all the place,
Blooming for yeoman, tender and loyal,
Stooping to kiss his toil-stained face.
Roses, roses, born but to bless,
Yield me your secret of loveliness!—J. C. R. Dorr

AT THE MAST

A SEA STORY IN FIVE CHAPTERS

With Illustrations of Battleships in the World's Great Navies

By REV. C. Q. WRIGHT—Chaplain in the United States Navy

CHAPTER IV.

BALLWEN'S NEW NAME AND NEW LIFE

COLONEL RAYMOND CLARKING and his handsome wife faced each other across the table in a well-appointed breakfast room. The woman's face was of the dark passionate type so apt to captivate the blonde, good-humored American man. The Colonel, too, was handsome in his way, but a blight seemed to have fallen early upon him, dwarfing the hopes and ambitions that yet glimmered at times from his fine blue eyes and deepening the lines in his brow. The resolution of the man yet showed somewhat in the firm lines about his well-cut mouth and in the speech he was just then making.

"You know, I am sure, that it is my will that no boy making these claims shall be dismissed until they shall have been fully examined."

"But, Raymond! With you at the other side of the world spending thousands in the chase of a shadow that you were sure would materialize into the right boy at last, what was I to do? You were away a year the time before that. Should I have kept him until your return?"

"We have telegraph companies and you could, at least, have kept his name and address."

"Your pardon! But have I not a note-book full of such names and addresses and, also, an item of the expense attached to tracing each one fruitlessly?"

"If any 'item' of your own private fortune has been spent in this way, Lucia, it shall be immediately refunded; for the rest, I would spend every cent of my own and borrow more to find little Rob again, you may be sure!" Colonel Clarking did not often allude to his wife's private fortune, which had been a complete myth, or wax sarcastic in an argument with her, but this morning his blue eyes gleamed steely in the glance they sent across the table and the tension about his mouth tightened.

Madame Lucia shrugged her shoulders and looked supercilious, but the Colonel continued. "Hester says he wore a cadet's uniform and that the resemblance to me was remarkable, the first time such a thing has been noted in any claimant. I shall spare no expense in tracing him. My boy would naturally be attracted by the army or navy."

"And you believe all these assertions of Hester's, without doubt?"

The Colonel bowed to his wife as he rose from the table. "Hester nursed me through my own boyhood. All my life she has stood next to my own family in

my regard. I know her to be truthful. If you had listened to her when she begged you to let him come in—" His hands and voice both were tremulous. "Never disregard her advice in such matters again!" His voice, as he recovered it and squared his shoulders, had the ring of both a command and a warning. The woman started as if stung and began an angry reply, but the Colonel paid no heed for just then a servant entering handed him a yellow envelope. In another moment the fire and energy of youth seemed to have come back to him. "Such bickering need no longer continue," he said, turning to her again. "My son,

clemency. The Chaplain wrote personal letters to the Judge Advocate General and the Secretary of the Navy. The father went to Washington to present the matter. All this effort resulted in an arrangement by the Secretary which suspended the lad's sentence during good behavior and restored him to duty to serve out the term of his original enlistment. A new enlistment record was also made out in which his name appeared as

JOSEPH BALLWEN, NEE ROBERT RAYMOND CLARKING.

Once more on duty, Ballwen, as he was still called by the crew, appeared like a new creature and speedily attracted the favorable attention of his officers. Intelligent, alert, obedient and quietly ambitious, he soon won advancement and, during the two years he still had to serve, passed upward through several grades until he became a petty officer,—one of the very best on board.

"A GOOD SHOT."

As target practice began one day a new officer asked of the Mighty State's Executive Officer

"Who is the petty officer in charge of my turret?"

"Ballwen," was the reply. "The keenest shot on the ship and one of its best men."

"He's the man with the history," remarked the navigator, and being urged, he was soon relating the story of the young man-of-war's-man's childhood and boyhood to the new officer, who had reported for duty for the first time that forenoon.

Thus Ballwen's sad early history and the manly way he bore himself soon won friends for him everywhere. It seemed as if the past owed him a debt that every one tried to make up to him. He never referred to himself in anyway unless it was unavoidable. It was like a night of terror that a true man tries to forget. Had he been of the whining, cringing sort little sympathy would have been shown him on the ship or anywhere in life.

At target practice next day the Captain called out from his bridge on the Mighty State:

"Five dollars to the man who destroys the first target!"

One of the first guns to answer in the roar which followed sent a twelve-inch shell to explode in its very center.

"Whose gun tore up the target?" demanded the Captain.

"Ballwen's sir," tersely reported the signal officer on the after-bridge.

"Ballwen, again, eh? Well, I'm glad of it! He's a wonder!"

"About the finest shot I know of with the large

(Continued on page 40)



A Modern Battleship of the Most Powerful Type

the very boy whom you dismissed so heartlessly, is really found this time!"

THE COURT MARTIAL ENDS IN RELEASE.

One morning, not long after the above conversation took place, I had the pleasure of telling part of Ballwen's story for the third time to a listener more eager than any of the others had been, but it was not necessary in order to establish the boy's right to the name of Clarking. Father and son seemed to have recognized each other almost instantly and the former, with several of the officers, set about securing Ballwen from the predicament in which he was placed.

The court also sent in a strong recommendation for



Sport in the Navy—A Boxing Bout Among the Jackies



Sport in the Navy—A Wrestling Match with the Ship's Mascot

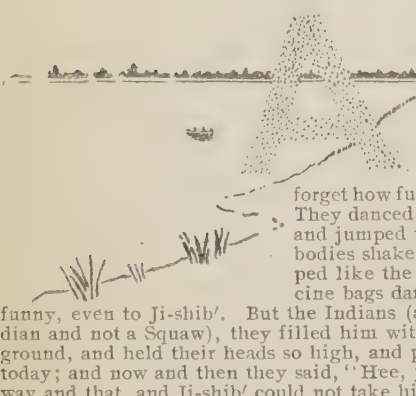
THE CHILDHOOD OF JI-SHIB, THE OJIBWA

By Albert Ernest Jenks

With Illustrations by the Author*

CHAPTER THIRD—Continued.

IN WHICH JI-SHIB' BEGINS THE CAREER OF A MEDICINE MAN



ALL OF THOSE THINGS little Ji-shib' resolved to do, and so live to be very old and respected, and perhaps then he could become a great Medicine-man and a War-Chief.

Ji-shib' could not begin to remember how many times they marched around, and sang songs, and danced, and smoked, and ate, but he could not forget how funny the Squaws looked when they danced. They danced as though their feet were tied together, and jumped up and down stiff legged. It made their bodies shake, and the beads around their necks flopped like the ears of a running dog, and their medicine bags dangled and flopped, and they looked very funny, even to Ji-shib'. But the Indians (and Ji-shib' was glad that he was an Indian and not a Squaw), they filled him with pride. They stepped so lightly on the ground, and held their heads so high, and pranced along the way fine horses prance today; and now and then they said, "Hee, ya, ho-ho-ho, ho-ho-ho!" and looked this way and that, and Ji-shib' could not take his eyes from them.

Soon he and his father and mother got up and stood by his post, which had a band of red paint around it, and the two old Medicine-Men came to them, and drummed and rattled and sang songs. Then he had to sit down by the post with his face to the rising sun. Soon four old Medicine-Men came prancing up toward him, and one of them held a medicine bag, a beaver skin, in both his hands, and pointed it at Ji-shib'; and as he came up closer, the Medicine-Man said, "Ya, ho, ho, ho, ho-ho!" and thrust the beaver skin at him. Two other Medicine-Men stood behind Ji-shib' with their hands on his shoulders, and when the beaver skin bag was thrust at him he felt himself tremble.



The second old Medicine-Man came toward him, and thrust the beaver skin at him, and he trembled again.

And the third Medicine-Man did the same, and he trembled still more.

Then the fourth old Medicine-Man took the beaver skin, and approached him saying, "Ya-ho, ho, ho, hoo, hoo!" and making the beaver skin move in and out as a snake rums. Then he went backward, and came up and thrust the skin at Ji-shib', and then he went back and came up again, and all the time he said, "Ya, ho, ho, ho!" and all of the time he made the beaver skin look like a snake wriggling. When the Medicine-Man came toward him the fourth time the beaver skin actually touched Ji-shib', and he trembled a very great deal, and fell forward on his face. All of the Medicine-Men gathered around him and said, "Ya, ho, ho, ho-ho, ho-ho-ho, hoo!" many, many times.

Little Ji-shib' thought that the Sacred Spirits must have come into him when the sacred bag touched him, for he felt so strangely happy and warm. The Medicine-Men raised him up, and put in his hands the beaver skin with sacred shells and sacred medicine in it. And thus it had come true, what the beautiful young Indian who came into the wigwam at night had told him, for now he had sacred medicine in a beaver skin. He looked at the beaver skin, and found that it was little A-mi-kons, who had been with him ever since he was a babe.

That night as he lay asleep, the young Indian again came to him in his wigwam, and said: "In the beaver skin you will find medicine for everything you will need." Then he motioned Ji-shib' to look. And as he looked he seemed to see a pathway leading from the door of the wigwam out through the forest, a path at first straight, then turning and winding, becoming very crooked and broken and lost in the forest.

Ji-shib' understood in his childish way that the path was like his life would be, first, straight and easy, later, crooked and difficult to follow. But the Sacred Spirits were with him, and his medicine bag was in his hand with the medicines given to help him out of all difficulties. The vision vanished, and he awoke and found himself standing in the middle of the wigwam. The fire was out and he was cold, so he lay down close to his good mother, and wrapped her buffalo-skin blanket around him and went to sleep again.

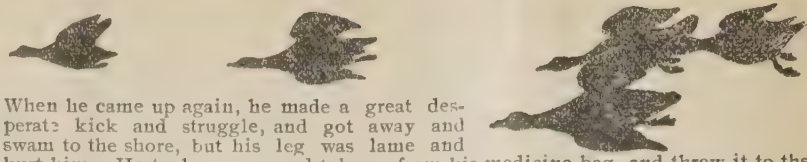
CHAPTER FOURTH

IN WHICH JI-SHIB' USES HIS MEDICINES



ALWAYS after that Ji-shib' knew that the Sacred Spirits watched over him, and helped him, and he always tried to do what the old Medicine-Men told him.

One day when he was eight years old there were several small boys playing in the lake. None of them was yet large enough to wear clothes in the Summer so they swam and dived in the water, like frogs, half of the time. The first thing Ji-shib' knew, the Bad Spirit of the lake caught his leg and doubled it up in his giant hand, and it hurt. The Bad Spirit pinched his leg, and pulled him down under the water, and then let him come up again, but he did not let go of his leg. Then he pulled him down again. When Ji-shib' was being pulled down the second time he thought of his medicine bag which lay on the shore, and that if he could only get his hand in that bag, he would give the Bad Spirit some medicine to make him let loose.



When he came up again, he made a great desperate kick and struggle, and got away and swam to the shore, but his leg was lame and hurt him. He took some sacred tobacco from his medicine bag, and threw it to the Bad Spirit of the lake, and after that he never caught hold of Ji-shib' again. Of course, sometimes when he was going to swim far in the lake, he threw tobacco into the water for the Bad Spirit before he went in.

But nearly every summer that Bad Spirit caught some little Indian boy, and dragged him down into the lake, and sucked out all of his blood, and, after days and days, laid him on shore at night dead and bloodless.

Once the Bad Spirit did not bring a boy back at all, but ate him all up down in the deep water.

Late in the next Summer Ji-shib' was out in the forest, and an unknown bird called at him from a tree, and then flew away and called from another tree. Ji-shib' followed it. It kept calling, and flying away, and calling again. Soon it grew dark with clouds, the Sun went out, and it rained, and the great Thunder Birds called and called in loud and fearful voices. Ji-shib' saw a hollow tree, and he crept in it and sat down on the dry leaves. The Thunder Birds screamed and called all through the forest, so Ji-shib' took his sacred tobacco from his medicine bag, and threw some of it out of the hollow tree for the Thunder Birds, and by and by they ceased calling.



It seemed as though it never would stop raining, so he crawled out of the tree, and started home. He walked a long way, and got hungry and tired, but he could not find the village. It began to get night, and little Ji-shib' was almost afraid,—when there right by his side, was the hollow tree again. He looked in and saw his bow and arrows which he had forgotten when he started out before, so he crept in, wet and tired and soon fell asleep.

While he slept he dreamed again of the beautiful young Indian, who came to him that night saying, "Look." When he looked, there were many shadows moving swiftly over the ground, and he raised his eyes and saw a great flock of ducks flying over the trees. They all flew straight over, and all in the same direction, and the Indian told him that they were flying to the fields of wild rice which grew in the river flowing from the lake.

The young Indian said again, "Look." And Ji-shib' looked, and saw a fat rabbit sitting under a bunch of clover, eating the leaves all wet with rain.

Again the Indian said, "Look;" and as he looked there were berry bushes, and the berries were ripe and good to eat.

When he awoke in the morning he did not at first know where he was, but soon he remembered, and felt hungry and cold. He crawled out of the tree in the bright sunlight, and yawned and stretched his arms. There were dark shadows moving swiftly over the ground, and he heard the whistle of ducks' wings in the air, and ducks were flying right above the tree tops. He then remembered about his dream, and knew that in the early morning the ducks went to eat wild rice in the river, so he knew where the lake and the village were.

He took his bow and arrows and medicine bag, and followed the direction which the ducks had taken. After a little time he came to an opening in the forest, and saw a rabbit sitting there, just as the Indian had showed him. He stood very still, and strung his bow, and put an arrow on the string, and pulled it back,—"tang!" said the bow string. The frightened rabbit jumped up and ran, and then it stopped, fell over backward, stretched out its hind legs, and lay still.

Ji-shib' was very proud, for never before had he shot anything alive, not even a little bird. He took the rabbit by the hind leg, and dragged it along as he had seen his father drag home a wolf the day before. Such a heavy load made his arm ache, so he stopped to rest; and there he saw many berry bushes like those the young Indian had showed him in his dream. He ate and ate the raspberries until he heard his father call his name. And when his father saw him, he ran to him and hugged him; but when he saw the rabbit which Ji-shib' had shot, he put the little boy down out of his arms, and said, "Hugh! a big hunter! I will not kiss a hunter; come, bring your rabbit to the wigwam; Squaw is very hungry." So Ki-niw started on—all the of time laughing to himself—and Ji-shib' followed him into the village, dragging his first game at his side.



That evening Ji-shib's father and mother made a feast, called a boy's feast, which the Ojibwa Indians always make when a boy kills his first game. They invited the people then at the village, and they all had some of the rabbit to eat. The old hunters made speeches, and praised Ji-shib' for killing a rabbit when he was so young. They said they knew that he would become a great hunter when he grew up; and some of them told of their own hunting experiences.

One old hunter, who was a very strong Indian, once shot an arrow so hard that it passed through one buffalo and into the heart of another one, and they both fell dead together.

Another old hunter, who was a great joker, said that that was nothing,—he was stronger than that,—for once he shot an arrow through three buffalo, and then the arrow stuck so far in a tree that he could not pull it out.

All of the Indians laughed at this story, and one of them asked the old hunter what kind of medicine he used when he shot three buffalo at once. They all laughed still more when he said, "I used the same kind of medicine which little Ji-shib' uses; ask him."

Ji-shib' was obliged to tell his story then. After he had told it—how he stopped the thunder, how he dreamed about the ducks and the rabbit and the berries, and that they all came true,—every one knew that the Sacred Spirits were with him.



(Continued on page 40)

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The Diary of an Ant

The Story of an Eventful Day and of a Terrible Calamity

By Margaret Wentworth Leighton



JUNE FIRST. *Four o'clock in the morning.* Rose early, as this was to be a very busy day. (Indeed what day is not a busy one?) I, with three of the other workers, went out to look after our band of little green cows. They spent the night on a sassafras bush and were plump and sweet. Drove in a few that the Queen and Our Ladies might take their fresh milk as soon as they awoke.



Five o'clock. The Queen ordered me to go and find her a juicy caterpillar or a green worm. "It must be fat and kicking when you bring it in," added she. I scrambled up the shortest roadway and started off. Not two yards from the gate I met Cousin Formica with her nose in the air. How vulgar she does look always wearing that black shirt waist and red skirt! "Hello, Miss Prim!" said she, "if I couldn't find anything better than that dull brown dress to wear I'd never come out in the sunshine." I hurried on in dignified silence. A little further and I saw an oriole sitting in a birch tree gobbling caterpillars out of a webby nest. "Ah, my gay fellow!" thought I, "you are taking more than your share, but I suppose if I went up and asked you for one you would gobble me, too." He was chuckling so with delight at his fine breakfast that he caught his bill in the web, making a great rent and down tumbled a shower of young caterpillars. Seizing the plumpest one in my strong jaws I began tugging it homeward as fast as I could. Oh what a time I had! It squirmed and writhed round my head so I couldn't see which way I was going. Sometimes I tried backing, as it was easier to pull the Queen's breakfast over the sticks and stones that way.

Just as I came in sight of our gateway a saucy little spider sprang out to my worm. By the time I had finished my tussle with her I was about exhausted and decided to take a sup or two from the juicy caterpillar that I might be able to reach home with my burden. I never did believe in this modern idea of improving your health by working three or four hours before breakfast.

"Why," said the Queen, when I at last laid the worm at her feet, "how is this?" and she pointed to the small puncture I had made when imbibing a few draughts from his interior.

"Ah, my Gracious Lady!" said I, "if you only knew"—I was saved my confession, however, for just at this moment one of our workers ran in, crying, "The Browns' windows are open; the shades are up! We knew what that meant, and instantly the whole village was in a ferment of excitement. "A raid, a raid!" we cried, scrambling over each other in our hurry.

Half past six. One hundred and fifty strong we climbed up the house wall and stood on the pantry window sill. Every shelf was empty except the top one on which was a row of jelly tumblers, with paper tied over them. On the floor stood a table with every leg in a glass of water. Oh, how it groaned with the good things upon it! Two or three dozen workers ran up to the top shelf and began cutting holes in the papers over the jelly. Suddenly we heard a soft whir, and our Queen sailed through the window and gracefully alighted on a frosted cake. We poor wingless girls set our wits to work and finally discovered a long hook over the window. We ran up, out to the end of it and dropped safely to the table. Soon there were more than a hundred of us feasting on ham, blue berry pie, frosted cake and jelly. Hark! The cook's step sounded heavily coming towards the pantry. We dropped hastily to the floor and began racing up the wall and over the sill for our lives. The poor Queen, grown heavy with so many sweets, and not well used to her wings, was pounced upon and borne away in a cruel red hand. We never saw her again.



Eight o'clock. We enlarged the nursery and repaired the long passage then carried all the pupa babies up to have a sunning. We turned them every now and then and suddenly two of them cracked. These had young queens in them; so we carefully helped them out, unfolded their legs and smoothed their wings, then hastened to bring them a nice breakfast.

Nine o'clock. When all the babies are out, our colony will be larger than we can care for, so we decided that we must have more slaves.

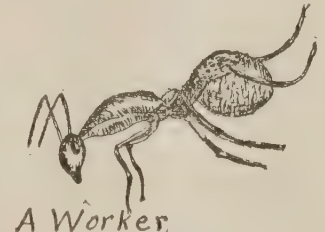
Ten o'clock. We started, three hundred strong, for Ant Town in the Meadow. When we reached the outskirts five of us went ahead to look about a bit. At

the doorway stood a couple of sentinels who dashed in as soon as they spied us. Hastily summoning all our forces we hurried after. The fight was hot and furious, but we, though smaller than the Meadow Ants, overpowered them and seized about two hundred of their pupa babies. Retreated in good order. How proudly we marched homeward, bearing those burdens which in a month or two would make life so much easier for us!

Twelve o'clock, noon. Woe, woe, woe! What is this? Our roof stone gone, the mangled remains of our precious babes lying all about, our store-house broken open, our roadways destroyed, not a sign of life anywhere. Surely this must be a punishment for stealing Meadow Ants' babies. How swift and terrible!



Ah, here comes a worker painfully limping up on three legs. She tells us that no sooner had we disappeared over the brow of the hill than, "Bobbie Brown came tramping along with his dog. He kicked away our roof stone and set the dog to work tearing up our village. As the little ones were in the nursery on the top floor we had no time to save them. We did manage however to hide one Queen. What would Ant Town be without a Queen?" Surely we could not exist with no loving ruler to mother us, and to supply our colony with eggs. What would her handmaidens do with no gracious lady to wait upon? Truly we should feel like the man without a country. Seventy-nine workers escaped uninjured and we have about fifty wounded."



After the long march, the battle in Meadowtown, and the journey home with our burdens we took not a moment's rest, and there was no food for us to eat. We spent the afternoon searching the ruins of our beloved village for the few poor babies that were left alive. At sunset we took them, with the little slaves we had captured, and started off to found a new village, where we hope to escape the horrors that destroyed our home.

* "The Ant Queen is quite as important and indispensable to her colony as is the Queen Bee to the hive."

The Blue Jay.

Mrs. Lucinda T. Fenner.

Wallace was becoming an early riser. This is how it came about. Mamma told him that every morning about six o'clock two blue jays came to pick the seeds of the sunflowers which grew in the back yard.

"Call me before six, Mamma," said Wallace when he said good night.

He was at the window watching when they came the next morning. They perched upon the stalk of the sunflower, then flew up and began eating the seeds.

"O, Papa," said Wallace when his father came to breakfast, "I know all about blue jays now. Aren't they pretty?"

"Yes, rather pretty. But if we go by the maxim 'Handsome is that handsome does,' perhaps they won't look so well. Let me see how much you know about them, how large are they?" asked Papa.

"They must be six inches long."

"More than that, Wallace, they are from eleven to twelve inches long. What color are they?"

"Why blue, of course, or they wouldn't be blue jays," laughed Wallace. "Why, yes, except the wings which, it seems to me, are striped with black," he added after some hesitation.

"Observe one closely and tell me what you think about the color," said Papa.

Wallace was on the look out for blue jays all day but it was not until they came as usual in the morning that he had a chance to study one again.

Papa, the blue jay has a blue crown and a black collar. His breast is grayish white and his wings and tail are bright blue and black plaid," said Wallace at the breakfast table.

"That's very true," said Papa, "but we usually say the wings and tail are barred with black."

"Don't the jays come until fall? I didn't see them around in the summer," queried Wallace.

"They are here the year around but in the summer the jays and their wives are in the woods keeping house and rearing families much as other birds do, though I believe they occasionally steal a young bird from a neighboring nest for dessert, but the jay isn't all bad, for nineteen per cent of his food consists of insects which are injurious to vegetation."

Wallace continued to watch the jays. One day he

went with his mamma into the country to visit her sister. His cousin Rob was ready to go beechnutting so Wallace went with him. He saw more blue jays that morning than he had ever seen before. They were chattering and scolding a squirrel who was gathering his winter supply of nuts. The attention of the boys was soon attracted to a hollow tree where a squirrel sat at the door of his house gallantly defending his store, while all around were jays bent on plunder.

Finally one daring little bandit rushed boldly in, in spite of the protests of the squirrel, and securing the choicest of the food, flew to a neighboring tree where he perched himself and began calling: "jay! jay!"

"Why, isn't he brave? I like him if he is so naughty," said Wallace when he was telling Papa at night.

The jays continued to appear in increasing numbers among the sunflowers and Wallace enjoyed their chattering as they flew back and forth eating the seeds.

"Who could have taken my beechnuts, Mamma? There isn't one left," called Wallace from the woodhouse chamber where he had gone after some nuts.

Mamma went to look but they were surely gone.

It was with a sober face that Wallace wandered around the yard wondering who could have been so mean as to enter the woodhouse chamber and steal four quarts of beechnuts which he had worked so hard to gather. Now he couldn't take any to his cousin Ross.



Just then he saw a blue jay light on the casing to one of the doors to the woodhouse.

Over the door was a knot hole and into it the jay dropped an acorn and quickly flew away. Wallace sat down a little way off. Soon two more came and dropped something into the knot-hole. He watched them flying to and from the oak tree in the front yard, each time dropping an acorn into the hole.

All at once Wallace's eyes began to sparkle. Could the jays have carried off his beechnuts? The window to the room over the woodshed was open.

When Papa came Wallace asked him.

"They might have done so," he said. "If they did the nuts would fall between the siding and the inside sheeting. Tomorrow I will loosen one of the boards and see."

Sure enough, when Mr. Morgan pulled off a board there were beechnuts, acorns and chestnuts. Some were partly eaten, but many of them were whole.

While Wallace was picking out the beechnuts, Ross came over to see him.

"Here is a handful of chestnuts. I was going to bring you a whole lot but the blue jays have taken most of them. What they don't eat they pick into and spoil. Why, they even get into the trees before the frosts come and pick the burs open," said Ross indignantly.

"What a thief Blue Jay is! I don't know whether I like him or not," replied Wallace.

The Lights That Failed

By Valentine March

"Will you furnish lights for our ball?" asked he—
The Prince of fairy folk,
"For the moon will not shine, and no stars
we'll see,
Through the leaves of the spreading oak.
"We will light you up," said the glow worm
hive,
"For thirty cents an hour,
Though our usual charge is now thirty-five,
When we go to the Mermaid's bower."

But at twelve o'clock the lights on the fence,
Slept soundly and did snore,
So the contract was cancelled for thirty cents,
And the fairies will hire them no more.

The Truth About San Francisco.

By LILLIAN E. PURDY

GRAPHIC DESCRIPTION BY AN EYE-WITNESS OF THE CONDITIONS PREVAILING AFTER THE TERRIBLE DISASTER, WITH A LOOK TO THE PROSPECTS OF THE FUTURE

WHILE the newspapers have given accurate accounts of the disaster in San Francisco, the tendency of the press on the Pacific Coast has been toward an overdrawn optimism. With a courage that is almost incomprehensible in the face of so dire a calamity, the papers have looked to the future without a doubt that a Greater San Francisco will spring up from the ruins like a mushroom. In the nature of conditions, this is of course the best attitude to take. But there is another side to the great problem that now confronts San Francisco, and while there is hope for a great future in the now ruined city, that future is a long way off and the truth of the present outlook with its threatening need and suffering should not be withheld.

The most sanguine of the residents prophesy that within a year or two we shall not know San Francisco from its present state of devastation and disorder. This may be true, in a certain measure, but to expect the city to compare with its former commercial position in that brief space is to look for the impossible. San Francisco will not recover from the blow it has received by the earthquake for ten or twenty years. With everything in the business section gone, libraries and records destroyed, scores of firms wiped out of existence, four or five solid square miles laid waste, 300,000 people turned out of their homes, Eastern immigration crushed, what hope is there for a speedy recovery? It is the indomitable courage of the West, the re-development of the pioneer spirit, and the feeling of brotherhood which has sprung from a common loss that will save San Francisco and re-establish it in time, but universal sympathy should come to the rescue of those who have such stupendous struggles ahead of them and greatest efforts should be made to alleviate the suffering that the earthquake has left in its wake.

Sensational writers declared at the first that benefit will accrue to San Francisco from the earthquake and fire. They referred to the psychological phase of the disaster, and rejoiced that a spirit of unity and brotherhood prevailed, and that people bore their affliction with an almost inexplicable fortitude. Drawn close by a common sorrow, the sufferers shared with willingness and unselfishness the small possessions that were left to them, and the tale most frequently heard was, "We've lost everything, our home is burned, but we're safe, thank God!" To be able to tell this story with a smile on the face; to help others who were more helpless, infirm, or terror-stricken, in the mad race for life away from flames that pursued them with fury; to feel the warm glow of sympathy that poured from the open doors in the neighboring bay cities, where kind hearts made room for the homeless;—these are the advantages of the calamity. They are deeply ingrained benefits that will write their impression on the future city. But are they greater than the losses?

Aside from these less evident advantages, is the material gain that may arise from the destruction of Chinatown with all its vices and crime, as well as the wiping out of the shanties south of Market Street which were an eyesore to San Francisco and a harbor of filth and poverty. The space thus afforded will give opportunity for improvements in streets and buildings, and under the new regulations of re-building, will add a thousand-fold to the appearance and importance of the new city. But whether these will compensate for the thousands of dollars of loss and for the thousands of people rendered homeless and penniless, is a question that the future alone will answer.

Many homes were heaps of useless rubbish at the

end of four seconds, the occupants having fled, undressed, to the streets, or having been crushed beneath the ruins. Then, when the forty fire alarms sounded ten minutes after the shock and the helpless firemen, cut off from giving assistance by the bursting of the water mains, could only give warning of the growing danger, building after building went up in smoke and each hour after that saw hundreds more packing a few belongings and giving up homes and treasures to the flames. All that day and all that night, and all the succeeding day and night, the sky glowed red and the cinders and clouds of stifling smoke almost blinded the throngs that fled through the uptown districts, a steady stream, their murmurs mingling with the roar of the flames and the clattering of trunks and boxes and furniture and sewing machines, as they rushed for their lives, covered with soot and grime, and panting from the heat and thirst. When hundreds went through this awful experience, sleeping in the streets at night or dropping from fatigue in the rubbish, with homes gone and incomes cut off, can it mean anything but hardships and suffering for months and perhaps years to come? Hundreds of people who had spent years in the development of a business or the accumulation of a fortune that had at last assured them of a comfortable income were left without a cent in the world and with the discouraging prospect of starting life anew.

It is of course the capitalists who have sustained the heavy losses. Their handsome buildings are gone, enterprises in which they were interested are either destroyed entirely or interrupted indefinitely. But they own the land upon which their buildings stood and will have little difficulty in obtaining the capital to rebuild. It is substantially to them that San Francisco must look for its future upbuilding.

The laboring classes are equally necessary in the great project under consideration. There is work for every one of them. No able-bodied man who is willing to work will go hungry, and indications are that such men will be compelled to work or leave the city. The authorities, who have exercised such good judgment since the inception of the disaster, will soon weed out the hoboes and other unworthy persons who are seeking to profit by others' misfortunes, and if need be, compel work and progress at the point of the bayonet.

Those who are inured to physical labor will thus have the best opportunity to recoup their fortunes, but it is the middle classes that will feel the keen edge of the loss and suffering. Think of the thousands of clerks, dependent upon small salaries and supporting families without having a surplus at the end of the month, who are now penniless, homeless, and without hope of position or income! Where shall they find openings? Small firms employing a limited number of clerks and having lost their records are swept out of the business world, while larger concerns are compelled to cut down their forces to the minimum, awaiting in temporary quarters, the rebuilding of their establishments. What will become of these employees? Many of them, especially those who have no one dependent upon them, have gone to other towns. Sympathy has been so generous in all the towns and villages of California that efforts will be made to create openings for refugees, but there is a limit to this generosity. All the bookkeepers, clerks, accountants, and professional men, that have been made idle by the earthquake, cannot expect to find suitable opportunities and if not able to undertake physical labor, the outlook for them is not encouraging. One occasionally meets those who have profited by the conditions

to the extent of a better position, but these are far in the minority, and the problems before the less fortunate of the class are fraught with difficulty. It is also less easy for people of this kind to accept of the relief supply, although the spirit with which they stand in the bread line,—laborers, clergymen, clerks, bankers, physicians, meeting on a common footing,—is most praiseworthy. Surely prosperity should spring from such a sure foundation. And it is bound to be the outcome, although that ultimatum is destined to be slow and along a path of thorns.

The hardships that are now being cheerfully endured by San Franciscans would drive to distraction many people who are equally accustomed to comforts and luxuries. Rich and poor alike are cooking in the streets, their pots and pans, as well as their faces and hands covered with soot, and much of their food necessarily smoked and unsavory. In many cases, however, small sheds have been built of refuse lumber, gunny sacks, old blinds, or broken doors. In these sheds the kitchen stove has been set up, with table and cooking utensils nearby. If thus protected, a degree of cleanliness is assured, and at least a small amount of convenience to the cook, who is usually the lady herself, servants having been generally dispensed with.

In some cases, the owners of these fantastic "sidewalk kitchens" have humorously labeled them "Palace Hotel," "St. Francis Hotel," "Techeau Tavern," with, perhaps, a printed bill of fare in evidence, announcing all sorts of impossible dishes. Beans seem to be the principal article of food.

The limited supply of water is another inconvenience that adds to the problems of living in San Francisco. No baths or washing of clothes are allowed and people are forbidden to drink unboiled water. All of this necessitates dispensing with table cloths and napkins, a sparing use of towels and bed linen, wearing of old, unwashable garments and the drinking of flat tasting water that fails to quench the thirst.

There has also been an utter lack of gas and electricity since the earthquake. The first shock broke many gas pipes and swung the chandeliers until they hit the ceiling twice and then broke off, leaving a stream of gas pouring into the room. Gas flooded the whole city and there was danger of asphyxiation. The supply was soon turned off however and candles have since been the order of illumination with restrictions as to the time limit. It was a strange experience to hear taps sounding at ten o'clock, followed by the tread of the guard as he patrolled the street, turning his lantern into the windows to see that orders had been obeyed and all lights had been put out.

Discomfort, more or less uncleanness according to the habits of the people, hardships, restrictions of food, lack of incomes, a crowding of people together in the unburnt district, and an influx of hoboes and unworthies, attempts at advantage and graft, the distortion of beautiful homes into offices and business headquarters, the decision of regulations regarding insurances, clearing away tons and tons of debris, rebuilding and re-establishing;—in a word, the building of a new city upon ruins and out of chaos;—these are the problems that now confront San Francisco, these are the crude materials out of which she must create order and a metropolis. That she will do it may not be doubted, but that the task is a colossal one, requiring years and labor and courage and suffering, and all the assistance and co-operation that may be had from all over the country is equally emphatic. If relief continues to pour in for many months to come there is hope; without it, there will be untold suffering and misery.



The "Bread Line."—Distributing Food in Front of the Cathedral



A Camp of Refugees—Anything for Shelter Was Utilized.

For other San Francisco pictures, see pages 22-23.



Death Valley

By Inez N. McFee

A REGION OF BURNING SANDS AND SCORCHING HEAT—THE TRADITIONAL HADES OF THE INDIANS

DEATH VALLEY, the most horrible spot in all the world, where the burning sands drink up the rivers which pour into it and bleach the bones of those who try to learn its secrets, is at last to be wrested of the valuable minerals under its infernal guardianship. This is promised by an expedition which has made as thorough an examination as possible of the mineral resources of the region, and by plans for a railroad which will penetrate it. Electricity will be the motor power by which this will be accomplished.

For years past long trains of mules have drawn wagons loaded with borax out of the borders of this valley. Closely following the train is always a water tank on wheels; otherwise neither driver nor mules could make the trip. In this region are located acres of naturally formed borax, the largest deposits of nitre in North America, and numerous outcroppings of gold, silver, and copper ores.

Nearly three score years ago a party of emigrants, traveling toward the Golden Gate started to cross this portion of Southeastern California. They soon found themselves in a desert valley. The sun beat witheringly down upon them, scorching and burning their flesh. The hot sand burned through their boots, and made even the slowest progress torture. After a few hours the water in their jugs was gone; all around them moisture seemed to be unknown. Many became crazed with thirst and wandered in various directions. Some became delirious, stripped themselves of all clothing, and began to burrow in the hard desert sands with their bare hands. Twelve persons escaped by reaching the Panamint Mountains. The remaining eighteen persons, men, women, and children, left their bones to bleach in the desert sun.

This incident gave to the valley its ominous name,—Death Valley. It is the most forbidding portion of the Great Mojave and Colorado Deserts, and lies close beside the California-Nevada State Line. The valley is about fifty miles wide by one hundred miles long, and is about 250 miles from the nearest railroad. Geologists have proven that it was once a lake highly impregnated with various solutions of sodium. Now it is a jagged rent in the earth's surface 210 feet lower than the level of the Pacific Ocean, 350 miles away. The Panamint Mountains on the west shut out any moisture which escapes being sapped up as it blows over the Mojave plains from the Pacific Ocean. It has been proved that the atmosphere of Death Valley contains less than one per cent of moisture during the month of August. For weeks at a time the thermometer stands above 100 degrees, frequently registering as high as 125 degrees in the afternoon. It is said to be the hottest spot on earth in summer. There is one seven-mile stretch, lying between two elevations called Funeral Peak and Telescope Ridge, that is the most horrible spot imaginable. In the summer no man could live there for half an hour. Its temperature has, of course, never been taken, but the borders of the forbidden spot record a temperature of 137 degrees. The traveler, approaching it from the slope of the Panamint Mountains, looks down upon a long, gray desert, in which are narrow bands of white made by deposits of borax. In the southern end a thin glistening line, like a band of silver, stretches along the sand and then seems to disappear. It is the Amargosa River which is swallowed up in the burning sand.

Men have died in Death Valley though abundantly supplied with water, because of the furnace-like aridity of the air. The whole atmosphere is impregnated with noxious death-dealing elements. The volcanic ranges which surround the valley have queer wind-

eroded sides of many colors, red, green, yellow, brown and black, the result of centuries of caustic mineralization. Aside from being the hottest place on earth, this horrible spot in the Golden Gate is also the windiest. The hot air rising from the bottom of Death Valley encounters the cold currents from the Rockies and the Sierras and turns this pit of desolation into a perfect maelstrom of winds. The light sand is constantly whirled into new heaps, and if a severe wind arises while an unwary explorer or mule-driver is crossing he is almost certainly lost. It is said that the simoons and sandstorms of the Arabian desert are mere child's play in comparison. No living thing can brave them. If the traveler stays close in his tent with his head buried in a blanket, he may survive, but he will suffer from heat as if in an oven. Old plainsmen, enured to all sorts of hardships, have weathered the storms of Death Valley, but they have come out temporarily crazed and with chronic inflammation of the eyes.

There is another danger to be encountered in crossing Death Valley. It is the menace of madness. An impressive, awful silence hangs over the whole region. Travelers in no physical danger have become crazed over the unearthly ghastliness of their surroundings and died maniacs while digging with their fingers in the hot sand. Sometimes as the explorer pushes over the burning sand with the scorching breeze sucking up every drop of moisture in his skin, he suddenly sees a delicious vision half a mile away,—a cool clover field with cattle wading in delicious, shady streams, a beautiful lake with a gay fishing party upon it, or perhaps a whole town with its shade trees and fountains appears close at hand. He pushes eagerly towards it, but it fades away and mocks him. He turns in despair and beholds something more beautiful in another direction. This, too, disappears after he has toiled eagerly towards it for half an hour. Thus the mirage, the curse of the desert, tempts him until his mind cannot stand the strain. He goes raving mad, forgets about the valley's outlet, wanders around in a circle, and finally dies near the hole in the sand where he has worn his fingers to the bone digging for water.

Nowhere on earth are mirages more frequent than in Death Valley. Sometimes one of these beautiful pictures will hang over it for an entire day. They are

known as "Big Spirit Pictures," to the Indians who consider the mirage to be a device of the Evil Spirit to lure men to torture and to death. The aboriginals claimed that Death Valley was the Hades where bad Indians went after death. No Indian can be coaxed or bribed to enter the worst parts of the region. In Death Valley no living thing grows or can dwell for any length of time, but in the Mojave Desert proper we find some sort of life. A trip across this desert is not without interest. There are no paths or roads here. All trails are soon obliterated by the drifting sand. Along the Sante Fe Railroad a few towns have been built for the accommodation of railroad men and miners. These towns, chilled by night, scorched by day, and beaten at all times with wind-blown sand, bear a jaded, worn, grayish appearance, such as only desert towns can have.

The soil is pure sand incrustated with alkali. There are mesas, and mile upon mile of disintegrated rock. Great boulders lie piled in confusion, wrenched and racked by the elements that tossed them there, cracked by heat and cold, and worn to smoothness by the waves of a prehistoric sea. Here and there we find a lost river sinking into the sand; among these, the most noted is the Mojave River. Acre after acre is covered with the grayish green of the grizzly sage brush. Here, too, we find almost every variety of cacti; the gay color of their gorgeous bloom contrasting vividly against the grayish green of everything around. One of the most notable plants of the desert is the Joshua tree. It is a strange plant twenty feet high, formed like a cactus, with its trunk and twisted branches covered with long sharp thorns instead of leaves. Imagine a forest of giant yucca, cacti, and Joshua trees with the cactus wren, the road runner, and an occasional mocking bird flitting through the branches! There is no bright green in the desert, except upon the oases, everything is the dull color of the sage brush.

We find a few animals in the desert, such as the horned toad, the lizard, rattlesnake, tarantula, and coyote. The desert rat and prairie dog burrow in the sand, though what they live on is a desert mystery; however, they are as sleek and fat as their kin on the fertile prairies. The desert animals are all of a pallid grayish color, as though bleached by the hot sun and the intense heat reflected from the hot sands.

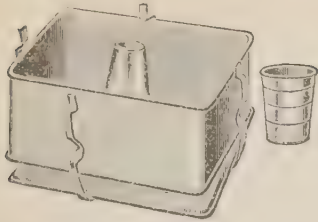
Should the proposed railway be built across Death Valley, a region rich in useful minerals will be thrown open to the world. Yet who will want to live there? What wages would tempt a man to establish a home in this Hades on earth. The neighboring locality, Mojave Desert, described above, would be a Paradise in comparison with this horrible place where horror and desolation have reigned supreme for ages.

Water From a Cactus

A writer gives an interesting account of how the Indians of the desert obtain drinking water from the barrel cactus. It was among the desert hills west of Torres, Mexico. The Indian cut the top from a plant about five feet high, and pounded to a pulp the upper six or eight inches in the standing trunk. From this, handful by handful, he squeezed the water into the bowl he had made in the top of the trunk, throwing the discarded pulp on the ground. By this process he secured two or three quarts of clear water, slightly salty and slightly bitter to the taste, but of far better quality than some of the water a desert traveller is occasionally compelled to use. The Papago, dipping this water up in his hands, drank it with evident pleasure and said that his people were accustomed to secure their drinking water in this way in times of extreme drouth.



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ATTRACTIVE MODELS FOR GENERAL WEAR

The Vick's Magazine Pattern Service

Announcement

We have made arrangements with the best and most popular designer of women's and children's modes, Martha Dean, to supply a pattern service to the readers of this magazine. To insure perfect accuracy the gowns are first made up in muslin by the most skilled fitters and afterwards scientifically graded to the different sizes. The most inexperienced seamstress will have no difficulty in making garments by their aid. No allowance should be made for seams as these patterns are all seam-allowing.

A Modish Shirt Blouse

The trend of fashion is toward the tailor-made with its elegant simplicity of lines and the elect of society will find the tailor a most important factor from now on. Everything except evening and house gowns must have the smart finish of this master artist. Here is one of the latest modes in a separate shirt blouse which is a stunning example of the new mode. Crash or linen may serve as material and the button adornment be used or not. A fanciful yoke appears in front and back continuing along the closing in style fashion. A small applied pocket lends a jaunty air decidedly smart. White flannel, linen, tafeta or broadcloth as well as any other plain material which possesses the qualities necessary to tailoring may serve. For the medium size 3 yards of 36-inch goods are needed. No. 6434 is cut in sizes, 32 to 42 inches bust measure.



Patterns Nos. 4759 and 4760

An Outfit For The Boy

Clothing the boy is quite an item of expense if all of the young man's outfit must be purchased ready made. Furthermore, many a mother prefers to fashion the lad's clothes and for her benefit the accompanying suggestions are given. The shirt waist shown has shaped yokes and three box pleats in front. The sleeve is finished with a narrow cuff to close with links. The collar may be made on the waist or the neck finished with a neck band for Eton or other linen collars. Linen, madras or flannel are the materials most used for boys waists. The trousers are simply made and cut after the latest mode. Pockets on the side make the boy feel that he is a true descendant of his father and are very convenient. Slides are provided for a leather belt. Cheviot, serge or homespun may be the material used for the trousers and for the medium size the pattern calls for 3/4 yards of 54-inch material. For the waist 2 1/2 yards of 36-inch material are needed. The waist 4759 is cut in sizes 4 to 12 years; the trousers 4760 in sizes 5 to 12 years.



Pattern Nos. 6423 and 6424

A Box Pleated Shirt Waist Dress

For the slender women as well as the stout, box pleats are always a becoming mode and the frock which is to receive hard wear is most sensible when made after this style. The gown shown is composed entirely of box pleats, those in the skirt being stitched half way to the knees to give the trig outline over the hips while the lower part flares with all the extravagance of the present mode. The pleats of the blouse are stitched to the belt and give becoming lines. A design of this kind is suited to almost any seasonable fabric. Silk, henrietta, Rajah or linen would be excellent. In the medium size 12 1/4 yards of 36-inch goods are needed for the dress. The waist No. 6423 is cut in sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure; the skirt No. 6424 sizes 20 to 40 inches waist measure.



Pattern No. 6434

A New Circular Skirt

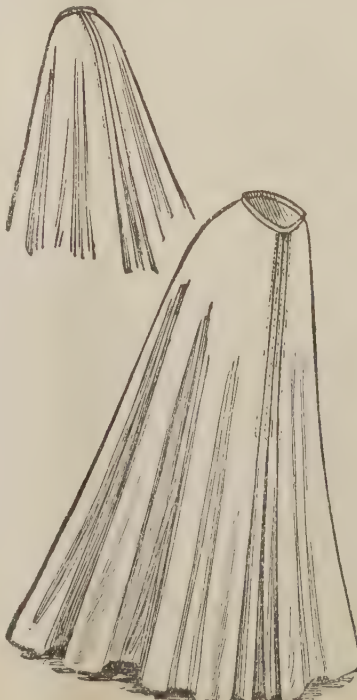
Every sort of fashion skirt, according to the new regime must be circular in cut. The most graceful effects are to be obtained by this mode and here is sketched a walking skirt with pleats in front and back to prevent sagging. The skirt fits smoothly over the hips and falls in graceful ripples to the floor. A skirt of this kind may be made of any seasonable material, being very modish as a walking skirt or as part of a tailored gown. The pattern is not difficult to follow and the least experienced will find no barriers to its successful production. Broadcloth, serge, brilliantine, a novelty wool or silk may be used. For the medium size 4 1/2 yards of 44-inch material are needed. No. 6422 is cut in sizes 20 to 30 inches waist measure.



Pattern No. 4717

A Girl's Work Apron

There are all kinds of aprons as well as all kinds of frocks and here we have sketched a practical work apron for a girl who helps her mother about the house. It may cover her completely having the high neck and low straight collar or be made a bit more attractive by omitting the collar and making the neck Dutch round. This leaves a narrow round yoke to which the apron part is gathered. The sleeves are bishop and ample enough to be worn over the dress sleeve and snugly cuffed so as to keep out all dust. The two pointed pockets are very useful additions as one who has used them knows. The apron is complete enough to serve as a working dress when the weather is warm. It is extremely simple to make and any of the apron materials, gingham, percale or muslin may serve. In the medium size the apron needs 4 yards of 36 inch material. No. 4717 is cut in sizes, 10, 12, 14, and 16 years.



Pattern No. 6422



Pattern No. 6409

Corset Cover And Petticoat In One

In this day of perfectly fitted garments, the particular woman appreciates economy in bands and belts. Here is shown a petticoat and corset cover joined in one, both attractive in design and perfectly fitted. The corset cover is cut with square neck and a very narrow band over the shoulder. Groups of tucks intercepted by bands of insertion provide an airy fullness over the bust while the tucks continue the entire length in back. The girdle joining the garments is shaped to the figure and closes in front. The petticoat may be daintily trimmed with lace to match the corset cover. A fine quality of nainsook or long cloth will give best service while lawn or muslin may prove very pretty. In the medium size 4 1/2 yards of 36-inch material are needed. No. 6409 is cut in sizes 32 to 46 inches bust measure.

The Work-A-Day Apron

What would we do without the big apron to save our gowns from the dust and soil of household duties? One does not always want to change her frock to get dinner nor to do a little dusting and the apron which covers one from top to toe is a "friend in need". Every housekeeper values it as her best friend and is not content to possess one, but several must be counted among her belongings. The best of these aprons cover one completely and here is one fitting just this requirement. The neck is low enough to be easy and not interfere with the collar, the sleeves are generous enough to take in any kind of a dress sleeve and a large pocket offers its environs for handkerchief, keys and the odds picked up about the house. The garment reaches nearly to the bottom of the dress and is full enough to allow for the ripple of the skirt. The design is one especially liked by artists and craftsmen. It is very easy to make and any of the ginghams or percales are appropriate. No. 6329 is cut in sizes, 32 to 40 inches bust measure.



Pattern No. 6329

A Pretty Matinee

Seldom does a woman look more lovely than in a dainty dressing sack provided that article of apparel be of a style to suit her personal charms. There are a host of pretty fabrics in the shops which may be had at small cost and any woman who is skillful with her needle, no matter how inexperienced she may be, can fashion an attractive matinee. The design shown is very simple in construction and yet pretty and becoming. A square yoke makes the garment smooth-fitting over the shoulders and is concealed by a broad collar. The sleeve is unusually graceful. It is banded near the bottom to form a puff and ruffle and may be beautified with a lace ruffle beneath. A soft silk-lawn, dimity or challis may serve as material. The medium size calls for 4 1/4 yards, 36-inches wide. No. 6426 is cut in sizes, 32 to 42 inches bust measure.



Pattern No. 4727

A Serviceable Apron

Aprons which cover the wearer entirely are the most serviceable for the small girl who has no care for her clothes. Here is one very pretty in design and easily made. A yoke appears in front from which a box-plucked skirt portion depends. The sleeve has tiny tucks near the wrist which take the place of a cuff. The plain standing collar makes a complete garment and the pattern may be used for a dress if a belt is used to girdle it in long waisted manner. Straps fastened to the underarm seams cross in back and fasten with a button. Lawn, nainsook, gingham or percale may be used as material. In the medium size 2 3/4 yards of 36-inch material are needed to develop the pattern. No. 4727 is cut in sizes, 2 to 6 years



Pattern No. 6329

A Pretty Gümpe Dress

The mother who fashions her small daughter's gowns knows what a saving of work and laundry the little gümpe dress makes. Instead of a whole frock to be tubbed, there is only the gümpe and the effect of the gown is quite as youthful and becoming. Here is a design for a small dress closing after the true Russian blouse fashion. It is developed in serge having a self tone stripe with trimming bands of the plain material. Groups of tiny tucks provide fullness for the blouse while the skirt is tucked all around in



Pattern No. 4797

groups of two and is somewhat circular in shape to give it a pretty flare. The dress neck is round in outline and closes to one side of the front, a pretty button marking the closing at the waist line. The gümpe may be made of any white washable fabric, lawn, mull or swiss being the usual selection. The little gown is very easily made and will prove most pleasing developed in serge, challis or pongee. In the medium size the pattern demands 3 3/4 yards of 36-inch material. No. 4797 is cut in sizes, 5 to 12 years.

A Major Dress For The Boy Or Girl

Mother is always glad of new ideas in frocks for her young offspring and the one sketched here is excellent



Pattern No. 4770

in style and practicability. The frock is in one piece and thus easily put off and on. It has the further advantage of closing on the shoulders, being slipped on over the head and buttoned along shoulder pieces, which resemble epaulets and give a broadening effect. A pretty stitched cuff completes the sleeve and reinforces a place which is subject to much wear. The frock is belted in long waisted manner and leather is the best material for the belt. A crash or serge would serve as a resister of wear and soil and with a belt and shoulder buttons of red, the frock would be quite fetching. For the medium size 2 yards of 36 inch material are needed. No. 4770 is cut in sizes, 2 to 6 years.

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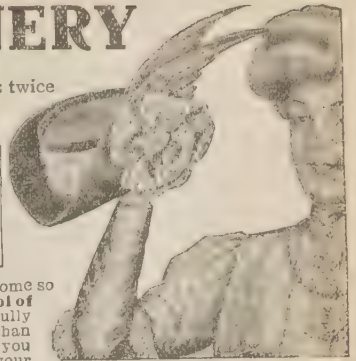
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Home Dressmaking

By Martha Dean

On the Threshold of Summer

THE Month of June, that most perfect of the whole twelve, holds more anticipations than any season of the year. It is the month of brides and roses, the month of various anniversaries and reunions and last, but by no means least, the beginning of summer, when plans for the coming holiday fill every mind with lively expectations. Whether one goes away or stays at home there are new frocks needed for old and young and no small amount of planning is needed for their construction.

A few of the most popular modes for summer are given that they may offer a suggestion to the busy woman at home. A great many of the light summer gowns are being made princess, the sheerer materials being gathered or shirred about the waist, while the silks and worsteds are tucked or pleated. Number 6452 is an excellent example for such a dress being made of soft silk and finished decollete. The quaint fichu effect obtained

by the draperies of lace about the neck is unique and fetching, made more so by the fold of dark chiffon which accentuates the center. The sleeves are completed by angel ruffles of lace to match the fichu. The fitted portion of the gown is laid in inverted box pleats and stitched, but shirs may be substituted if desired. For a gown of less dressy nature, a yoke and deep cuffs of some contrasting material may be arranged and as little garnishing be done as desired. The model is not difficult to construct and suitable to any reasonable material of which 10 3/4 yards 36 inches wide are needed for the medium size. The pattern 6452, comes in sizes 32 to 42 bust measure.

In suits the most favored models show the corselet skirt and abbreviated Eton. This is a mode most kind to those of good figure and will do much to increase the attractiveness of feminine wearers. Nos. 6473-74 shows one of the newest suits. The skirt is circular with a straight front panel which extends up to high centure depth and is completed by a fitted girdle which joins the skirt. This corset effect may be omitted if desired. The coat is of natty length and is strapped with folds of the material or braid. Buttons are an effective adornment as is the lace which embellishes the small velvet vests and collar. The skirt fits smoothly over the hips and flares generously below. The suit would be very smart developed in Rajah or taffetas as well as voile or linen. For the medium size the suit requires 7 1/2 yards of 36-inch material. The pattern 6473 comes in 32 to 42 inches bust while the skirt, 6474, in sizes 20 to 30 inches waist.

Strange as it may seem, the sleeve assumes gigantic importance when the making or fixing of a dress is considered. It is the part of the waist which is first seen and which gives date. The sleeves sketched, No. 6455, are three of the season's models and while very chick they are not so startling as to go quickly out of date. The elbow sleeve has come to

stay for a time at least, and if not in fact, yet in effect, it is conspicuous on all of the new gowns. The elbow sleeve is pretty for any kind of dressy waist or coat and may be made very attractive with a cuff of velvet or moire. The second sleeve is quite unique in its shirs above the elbow and finishing strap of the same formed by partly cutting away the lower edge. This sleeve may also be short or continue to the wrist in the form of a deep cuff. The shirt waist sleeve is very simply made, being all in one piece. The Bishop sleeve requires 1 1/2 yards of 36-inch material, the other sleeves requiring the same. The pattern 6455, comes in sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure.

Pretty odd blouses are indispensable to the summer's wardrobe and nothing can be found to take their place for comfort, attractiveness and economy. A very pretty waist in gray net is sketched here, not elaborate, not yet severe in design. The yolk is of the net laid in folds with a narrow valenciennes lace fulled about the edge. The whole is made over a chiffon and silk lining which give it a soft appearance while the lining may be omitted if desired, and the blouse worn over different slips of delicate tints. The elbow sleeve is finished with a smart cuff which is rendered more attractive by the frilling of the valenciennes about the edges. In trimming a waist of this kind with lace the latter must be dyed, if necessary, to be the exact color as the waist. The pattern would be pretty if developed in dotted swiss or tucked mull, of which 3 1/2 yards 27 inches wide are needed for the medium size. The pattern 6450, is in sizes 32 to 42 inches bust.

The word shirt waist does not always imply a garment of severe plainness as the term would suggest but more often an elaborate creation of tucks and gathers. For general wear one does not desire fussiness but rather blouses which are made individual by trim stitchery or neat trimming straps. Here is shown a blouse quite ideal in its air of quality and refinement. Tucks give lengthening lines while the real charm of the waist lies in the fanciful applied yoke. This buttons to one side of the front with jaunty effect and a button finishes each side tab. Any of the washable materials or silk may develop the waist for which in the medium size three yards of 36-inch goods are needed. The pattern 6330 comes in sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure.

The shirt waist dress is the most popular form of the young girl's summer frock as it is easily made and laundered and the most practical for general wear. An excellent model for such a gown is pictured in 4019-20. Every feature of the dress serves a purpose and the result is a graceful and becoming whole. The yoke lends breadth to the shoulders which need it while tucks extending a short distance below supply a becoming full-

ness for the blouse. The plastron front continued in effect by the front pleat of the skirt, suggests height and slenderness. The skirt is pleated all around to make up the deficiencies of the undeveloped figure. Pongee, madras or linen might develop this design for which 6 1/2 yards 36 inches wide are needed for the gown in the medium size. 4019 comes in sizes 12 to 16 years and 4020 the same.

A very pleasing blouse is shown developed in green pongee with tiny ruffles of the same broadening the pleats on the shoulder and providing a pretty finish for the sleeve. The yoke of this waist, 4002, is of lace and of fanciful shape, but this may be made very simple and the sleeves of full length if desired. For the medium size 2 1/2 yds. of 36-inch material are needed to develop the pattern which comes in sizes 12 to 16 years.

There never was a time when children were more simply and at the same time more becomingly dressed. The long-waisted effects are still rife and when the shirt is not pleated it is circular or shaped from the waist line so as to flare prettily about the lower edge. The skirt of 4783 is circular, the front closing after the Russian style and trimmed with washable braid. A small square yoke which may be omitted if desired provides opportunity for the introduction of white or a dainty fabric next the face. The dress is made of green chambray but any of the washable fabrics or worsteds may serve. 4 1/2 yards of 36-inch material are needed for the medium size. The pattern 4783 is in sizes 5 to 12 years.

A new idea is introduced of late in the use of plaids as trimming for plain materials. 4021 shows a neat little dress of brown with revers, collar, cuffs, belt and skirt trimming of clan plaid. The skirt is a straight gathered one joined to the waist by a narrow belt. The dress is one especially suited to afternoon wear or "second best." For the medium size 4 yards of 36-inch goods are needed for the pattern which comes in sizes 6 to 12 years.

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No. 6452



No. 6450



No. 6473-74



No. 6330



No. 4021



No. 4783



No. 4019-20



No. 6455

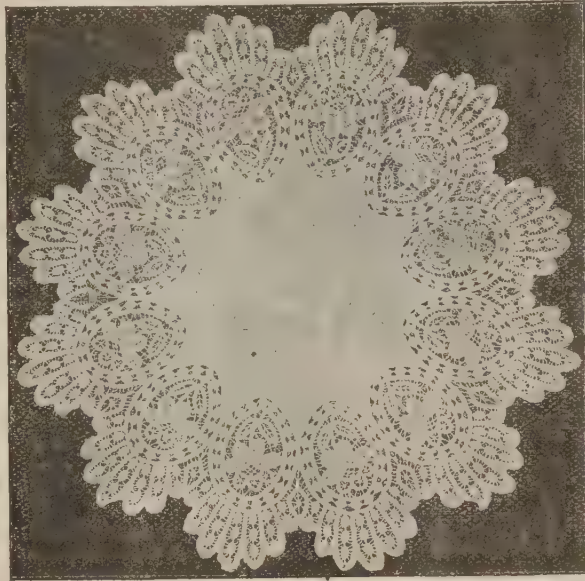
Artistic Lace and Needlework Designs

By Mrs. E. J. Grote

The beautiful designs below are copyrighted by Mrs. Grote, and may be obtained of her, stamped on linen with material for finishing. Mrs. Grote was awarded the Grand Prize for her designs at the St. Louis World's Fair, and is the only American who ever received such an award at any World's Fair. For full particulars address Mrs. E. J. Grote, 3409 Lawton Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Princess Lace

Princess Lace, so-called, is composed of honiton and point lace braids, in connection with the more delicate of the lace stitches. Usually there are but few lace stitches required, as the greater part of the pattern is filled with the honiton medallions, which are very lace-like and of which many different designs may be secured. This pattern is made almost entirely with honiton braids, with point lace braid for the edge and that part of the design adjoining the linen, the remaining spaces and background being filled with such stitches as spider and twisted bars. Of course, in such a design as this, the braid must be very carefully and securely basted to the pattern. In the first place the cambric pattern should be basted to heavy brown paper or light-weight oil-cloth cut just its size. This will keep the pattern smooth, and be a great help in working the stitches. The little medallions, which are a feature of honiton braid, are joined together with tiny stems, which in some patterns are much longer than in others. Each one of the little medallion ends when cut should be carefully button-holed to prevent fraying. In many cases the ends



No. 1. Princess Lace

once. The braid should all be securely basted to the pattern before the lace stitches are put in. Care must be given to this, the most tedious part of work, as, if the braid is not securely fastened, the lace stitches will tend to draw it out of shape and thus spoil the appearance of the lace. The flower sprays in the design are filled with point de sorrento and point d'angleterre. The leaves and background, however, are filled simply with twisted bars and spiders. In the border it will be necessary to cut the honiton a great deal. All such edges should be carefully button-holed in order to prevent fraying. The edge is finished with purling and the center of the piece is hemmed to the linen. The beauty of this design is the delicate feathery border.

Coronation Braid Center Piece and Shirtwaist

On request I have a large center in this time for Coronation Braid. This piece is twenty-three inches square and is one of the pieces that took the Premium at the Fair. It is very popular, with the shirt waist pattern which has a panel for the skirt and also a bolero, all to be worked with the Coronation braid.



No. 2. Coronation Braid Center Piece and Bolero

are long enough to be turned over and buttonholed to the braid, but in the very small honitons there is no space left for turning in. These ends must be carefully buttonholed with several stitches to prevent fraying. This is the correct way to fasten these ends, and if instructions are carefully followed, the making of this beautiful lace will be greatly simplified. In basting the braid around the ovals it will need to be cut only

but not hard to do, as most of it is outline stitch. It is very pretty done in white on red or any color pleasing to the worker.

Holly Berry Tray Cloth

In embroidering the Holly Berries use three shades of red silk. For the leaves and stems use seven shades of green silk. It is well to first stuff the berries with white darning cotton, so as to raise the work; then work over the stuffing in satin stitch, with shades of red, using only one shade to a berry. The leaves are worked in Kensington stitch with the shades of green. Some of the leaves are worked with the light shades of green, some with the middle shades of green, and some with the darkest shades of green. The shading is made light at the tip and darker towards the stem. On each point of the leaf work one stitch of the darkest shade of green. The border is first padded and worked over in buttonhole stitch with white "Caspian" floss.



No. 4. Holly Berry Tray Cloth

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No. 4.—HOLLY BERRY TRAY CLOTH, 18x26 inches, stamped on linen, 30 cents; 12 inches, stamped on linen, 20 cents.

Address all orders and inquiries concerning these patterns and linen to Mrs. E. J. Grote, 3409 Lawton Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Conventional Sofa Pillow Top

This pillow top is very elaborate



No. 3. Conventional Sofa Pillow Top

White Linen and Box Pleats

There are many charming little frocks for the lassies this year in cool-looking, glossy linen, and the proud mother will find them a real temptation. Three broad box pleats in front and back are very becoming, while a deep berth collar is wonderfully fetching. The tiny sleeve puffs are also box pleated, and finished with turn-back cuffs edged with embroidery. A guimpe of mull tucked about the neck completes the outfit. Linen and crash are popular for children's frocks, but a dress of this kind might be suitable also to pongee, serge and mohair.

When house wrappers first wear through in the sleeves and waist, they can be cut off at the waist line and the skirt belted, this does nicely for an underskirt, or one skirt will make two aprons, fitting smoothly across the hips with few gathers and the ruffle at the bottom makes an attractive finish. C.M.G.

SEND ME Your Name



THE PIANO and ORGAN MAN

I want the name of every reader of this paper who would like to have a beautiful Piano or Organ. Cut out the COUPON below and send to me. I will send you most remarkable buying plan and offers that any man or factory ever made to you. I will trust you for my pay if you haven't the cash to buy with.

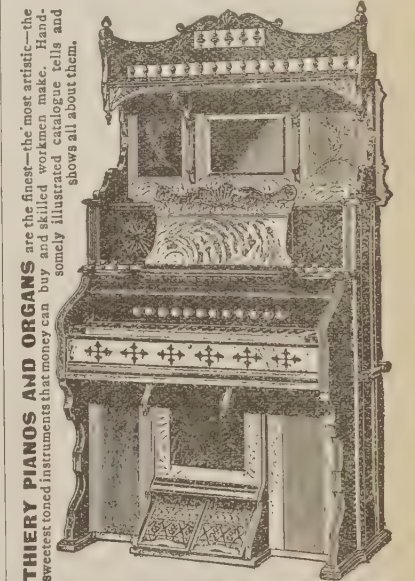
I will ship any piano or organ you select from my beautiful catalogue on FREE TRIAL in your home. I will take it back at my expense if you don't say it is the best that you ever saw or heard.

I don't care who you are, where you live or what you do for a living, I will trust you for my pay. If you are honest, that's all I care to know about you. You don't need to give me any SECURITY—no GUARANTEE FROM THIRD PARTY—NO DEPOSIT REQUIRED.

It will tell you all about my special buying plan—my unlimited guarantee—my free trial—just as soon as I get the coupon below.

I supply more homes with pianos and organs than any other man, house or factory in the country. I will guarantee to save you money—I will show you how dealing direct with me enables you to keep half the price of an instrument in your own pocket. Send me the coupon now!

J.B. Thiery, The Piano & Organ Man, Milwaukee, Wis.



THIERY PIANOS AND ORGANS are the finest—the most artistic—the sweetest toned instruments that money can buy and skilled workmen make. Hand-somely illustrated catalogs, maps and shows all about them.

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To J. B. THIERY,
The Piano & Organ Man, Milwaukee, Wis.
Please send to me by return mail, FREE and POSTPAID, full particulars of your buying plan and offers as advertised in Vick's

I want.....
PIANO OR ORGAN

.....51

Grow Mushrooms

For Big and Quick Profits.
I can give practical instructions worth many dollars to you. No matter what your occupation is or where located, get a thorough knowledge of this paying business. Particulars free. JACKSON MUSHROOM FARM, 8248 N. Western Ave., B-25, Chicago.

Sample Button, Devil's Millonaire, Hot Air & Finest Written Calling Cards you ever seen. SOMETHING NEW with Art's Big outside. All 3 cents. W.U. BOHR, CARRICK, PA.

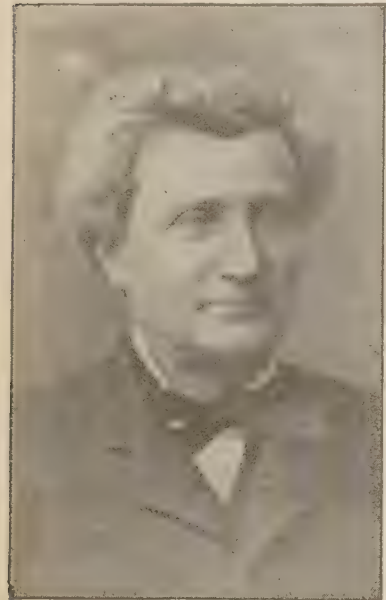
Sample Button, Devil's Millonaire, Hot Air & Finest Written Calling Cards you ever seen. SOMETHING NEW with Art's Big outside. All 3 cents. W.U. BOHR, CARRICK, PA.

It's attached with SORE EYES. DR. ISAAC THOMPSON'S EYE WATER

A Welcome TO READERS OF HOME & FLOWERS

THIS MONTH, the month of flowers, it seems very appropriate for us to welcome into our family circle of Vick readers the tens of thousands of flower lovers who were readers of Home and Flowers. We extend to you a hearty welcome. We shall do all in our power to make your membership in our circle pleasant and profitable. We shall endeavor to give you from month to month all of the valuable and delightful articles about flowers which Home and Flowers contained and much more of general interest to all members of your household.

Having purchased the subscription list and good-will of "Home and Flowers" (including "Success with Flowers," "How to Grow Flowers" and "The Floral World,") from the former publishers, The Home and Flowers Publishing Co., we have added its list to that of Vick's Magazine and will send the latter publication hereafter to all subscribers of Home and Flowers, notwithstanding the fact that the subscription price of Vick's Magazine is twice that of Home and Flowers. Liberality and fair dealing has ever been the Vick motto and shall ever be so long as the present publishers dictate the policy of the magazine, and to show this in a substantial way, we make the following



JAMES VICK
Founder of Vick's Magazine

Special 60-Day Offer To Home and Flowers Readers

We are very anxious that every one of you remain with us as regular subscribers, and we therefore make you this very special offer, which is only one-half our regular price.

Send Us Only 25c

And we will credit your subscription a full year from the time of its expiration, or \$1.00 and it will be extended Five Years. This will apply even if your subscription has already expired. If you will send us 5c extra to cover postage and packing we will send you as a premium either of the following books, "The Flower Garden" by Eben E. Rexford, or "The Vegetable Garden," by John Elliott Morse. You will never have this opportunity again. Send your remittance at once.

As so many of you are strangers to Vick's it will doubtless be interesting to you to read a short history of this magazine.

A Short Story of a Long Career

ONE of the most unique characters in American business life was James Vick, the famous seedsman, who founded the great Vick House in Rochester. He was the pioneer mail order seedsman of America. He began in a small way, as most large business houses have, and by intelligent and persistent efforts and absolute honesty, won his way to the very top in his particular field. Not only was Mr. Vick honest with his customers, thus securing their entire confidence, but he was also liberal, giving "good measure, pressed down," and many were the good people throughout this broad land who received an extra packet of seeds with their order, and with the personal compliments of Mr. Vick; and thousands of these well pleased customers from the Atlantic to the Pacific gave him in return their confidence, their orders and their money.

By the year 1898, his business had grown to such large proportions that it was impossible to write personal letters to all customers, and Mr. Vick sought some other means of communicating with them. This resulted in his establishing VICK'S MAGAZINE, which not only served as a means of communicating with customers, but furnished valuable information to them concerning the best methods of cultivating the crops grown from his seeds. Vick's Magazine thus became the very heart and center of his great business, carrying monthly messages of greeting and good will to its thousands of readers from "Father Vick," whom they loved.

The information given in Vick's Magazine was so practical and accurate that it was soon recognized as the leading horticultural journal of America, a position which it has since held. The present year promises to be the best in its history. The magazine has been improved and new departments added from year to year, making it of interest to all members of the family, and it is now unquestionably the best 50-cent publication in America.



The Building in Rochester, recently completed by Mr. F. C. Owen. He has turned his equity amounting to \$50,000, over to the VICK PUBLISHING COMPANY

Nine Magazines in One—Nearly a Million Readers

With the consolidation of "Home and Flowers" and Vick's Magazine the latter will represent the combined subscription lists of nine different publications as follows: Vick's Magazine, "Home & Flowers," "Success With Flowers," "Floral World," "The Backwoodsman" (a country family magazine), "The Man With the Hoe" (a magazine for country homes), "The United States Magazine," (a literary and family journal), and Poultry & Farm, placing it head and shoulders above any other similar publication in the field.

No similar publication carries anything like the amount of advertising which appears in Vick's Magazine, the amount in a single issue having recently exceeded \$5000. The net profits in some of the best months, reach nearly \$4000, while in the quiet months of the summer, they are smaller. We regard \$25,000 as a fair estimate of the earnings of Vick's Magazine during 1907. This is equal to 10 per cent. on the entire capital stock of the company. On account of the consolidation of other magazines with Vick's we have already announced an advance of 50 per cent. in our advertising rates and fully expect to advance them again within one year, making them double the rate of the past year. This will add largely to our earnings.

The Company

In January, 1901, Francis C. Owen and Charles E. Gardner, experienced publishers, gained control of the magazine, and since then have built it up to a very large circulation. The Vick Publishing Company is regularly incorporated under the laws of the State of New York, with an authorized capital of \$250,000. The company recently increased its capital stock to this amount for the purpose of still further developing its business, acquiring a printing plant, etc. A large portion of this increase is in the treasury and a part of it is now offered for sale at par. The stock is divided into twenty-five thousand shares, par value \$10 a share.

The executive offices of the company are in Rochester, N. Y. The printing plant, where Vick's Magazine is printed and mailed, is one of the largest and best equipped of its kind in the country, and is located at Dansville, N. Y., forty-eight miles south of Rochester. The plant is owned by the F. A. Owen Publishing Company. However, the Vick Publishing Company now has its Subscription and Advertising departments located in the building of the F. A. Owen Publishing Co., and on account of the close relations existing between the two companies the magazine is printed and mailed at a rate so much below what printers in large cities charge, as to make a saving of several thousand dollars per annum.

On this page, is centrally located in Rochester, and is bringing in over \$1,000.00 a month from rentals. It was recently built by Mr. Owen, and he has transferred his interest in it, amounting to \$50,000, to the Vick Publishing Company.

All Common Stock

The stock is full paid and non-assessable, and is all common. As there are no preferred shares, all shareholders receive the same percentage of dividends. If you buy a single \$10 share, you will get the same percentage on your money as will be received by the largest stockholder.

Dividends

Shareholders receive dividends, as earned, every six months—January and July. Those who pay for shares on or before June 15, 1906 will share in the July dividend of 5 per cent. The company is now earning, and has earned for the past four years, considerably more than 10 per cent. per annum on the capital employed. Dividends at the rate of 10 per cent. per year are now being paid and all surplus profits being used to further develop the business. As a double assurance to investors that they will receive their dividends regularly, F. C. Owen and C. E. Gardner have executed an agreement with the Vick Publishing Company, waiving all claim to dividends on their stock, until January 1st, 1908, unless the earnings of the company are sufficient to pay ten per cent. per annum on all stock issued.

We estimate that the total profits of the Vick Publishing Company, including the earnings of Vick's Magazine, and the income from the building in Rochester, will soon exceed \$50,000 a year or more than 20 per cent. on the entire capital stock.

Why Stock is Offered

First we want to say, we do not ask others to do what we will not do ourselves. We have put every dollar of our available capital and five years of hard work into the magazine, and if we had more we would put it in, and the public would not get a chance to take a dollar's worth of our stock. The consolidation will require a portion of the proceeds from the sale of treasury stock, and we desire to provide ample working capital. The business is on a profitable, dividend-paying basis and we offer a limited number of shares of our treasury stock with the utmost confidence that we are offering one of the most satisfactory investments in America.

Financial Statement

That prospective shareholders may see the substantial character of our company we are pleased to submit the following figures: The valuation placed on our subscription list is very low; it could probably be sold for \$100,000, or more.



CHARLES E. GARDNER
Secretary and Treasurer of Vick Publishing Co.



FRANCIS C. OWEN
President and General Manager of Vick Publishing Co.



RESOURCES.

| | |
|-------------------------------------|------------|
| Cash on hand and in bank | \$1,965.00 |
| Accounts receivable..... | 18,000.00 |
| Merchandise (inv. Jan. 1, '06)..... | 1,650.00 |
| Furniture and fixtures..... | 1,232.00 |
| Real Estate Equity..... | 50,000.00 |
| Subscription list..... | 7,000.00 |

Total assets..... \$142,847.00

LIABILITIES.

| | |
|------------------------------------|------------|
| Surplus and undivided profits..... | \$2,394.00 |
| Accounts and bills payable..... | 14,693.00 |

Total liabilities..... \$17,087.00

Total assets above liabilities..... \$125,760.00

Profits of Publishing

Many enormous fortunes have been made in the publishing business. It has recently been reported that the profits of the Frank A. Munsey Company were \$1,200,000 last year. Probably the profits of the Ladies Home Journal and Saturday Evening Post are as much, while other well known publications like McClure's Magazine, Scribner's, The Century Magazine, and others are making a fortune every year. It was recently reported that the former publishers of the Woman's Home Companion sold it for \$500,000, while one of the partners in Everybody's Magazine recently sold his interest for \$200,000.

With the increased capital, the improvements in the magazine, and the excellent subscription schemes which have recently been put into operation on VICK'S MAGAZINE, we believe that it is only a question of a short time when this property will be built up to where it will be one of the most valuable in the country. We are appealing to the common people, and our field is practically unlimited. The wisdom of our plan of offering stock in small lots to a large number of people, has already been justified. Many of our shareholders have already assisted us materially in advancing the interests of the company in various ways, and we are anxious to have a large number of our subscribers become shareholders, if only for a few shares each. Among our shareholders are a number of bankers and men connected with large business concerns. If VICK stock is attractive as an investment to these men of experience in business affairs, we feel sure that our readers will appreciate it also.

We can guarantee everyone who takes shares, that we will put forth our best efforts to build up the business as rapidly as possible, and make the largest profit consistent with honorable and conservative business methods.

Price of Shares to be Increased

The present price of shares is \$10.00 each (par) but the business is gaining so rapidly that we have decided not to sell any shares at less than \$12.50 after the present offering of treasury stock is taken.

To accommodate small investors, we have arranged to accept monthly payments of one dollar or more a month per share, from those who do not find it convenient to pay the full amount at one time. Every one who buys stock, even the investor who takes only one share, will receive VICK'S Magazine every month for five years, the amount paid for stock including such subscription.

Please fill out and mail to us at once, the following application with the number of shares which you desire to take, filled in. If you are not prepared to pay in full for your shares, it will be satisfactory to us if you remit one dollar for each share and pay one dollar a month on each share, until fully paid for.

We suggest immediate purchase of shares as those paid for on or before June 15th will share in the July dividend of Five per cent.

Please address letters about shares to our Rochester, N. Y. office and all subscription and advertising letters to our Dansville, N. Y. office.

VICK PUBLISHING CO., Rochester, N. Y.

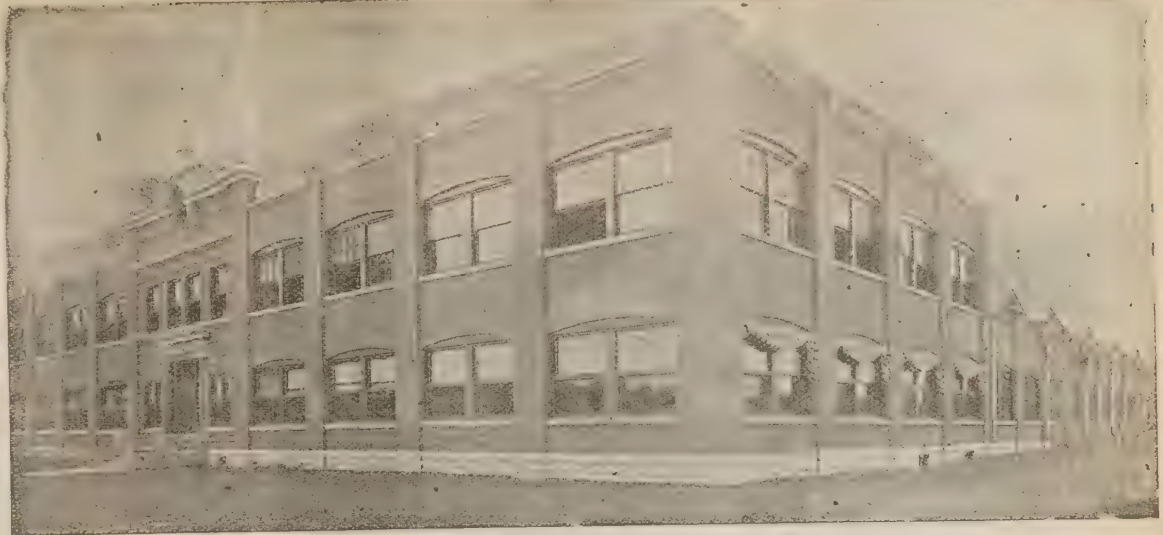
GENTLEMEN:—I hereby subscribe for..... shares of the stock of the VICK PUBLISHING COMPANY, at ten dollars (par) per share, and agree to pay for the same at the rate of one dollar a month per share.

Enclosed find \$..... } as full payment
 } as first payment

Name.....

P. O.

Street }
R. F. D. } State.....



Printing and Publishing Plant of the F. A. Owen Publishing Co., Dansville, N. Y., the new home of VICK'S MAGAZINE.

A FEW QUOTATIONS FROM SHAREHOLDER'S LETTERS

"Please reserve for me five additional shares in the VICK Publishing Company. Am glad of the chance to invest more with such a wide awake company."
 J. S. W.,—Mass.

"I think very highly of my small investment with you and will be glad to take ten more shares the first of June."
 W. B. S.,—Ga.

"I enclose \$30.00 for three additional shares of your stock. I am well pleased with the stock which I have and don't think I can find a better investment."
 MRS. B. H.,—N. Y.

"Your letter enclosing dividend check for \$100.00, is at hand for which please accept my thanks."

"Enclosed you will find draft for fifty dollars for five additional shares of stock in your company."
 L. A. H.,—Ohio.

"Received \$50.00 as dividend for first six months of 1906 on 100 shares."
 A. J. H.,—Fla.

"I hereby subscribe for 25 more shares of the VICK Publishing Co., stock and enclose check for \$250, for same."
 W. B. J.,—Vt.



The Composing Room where VICK'S MAGAZINE is set up in type.

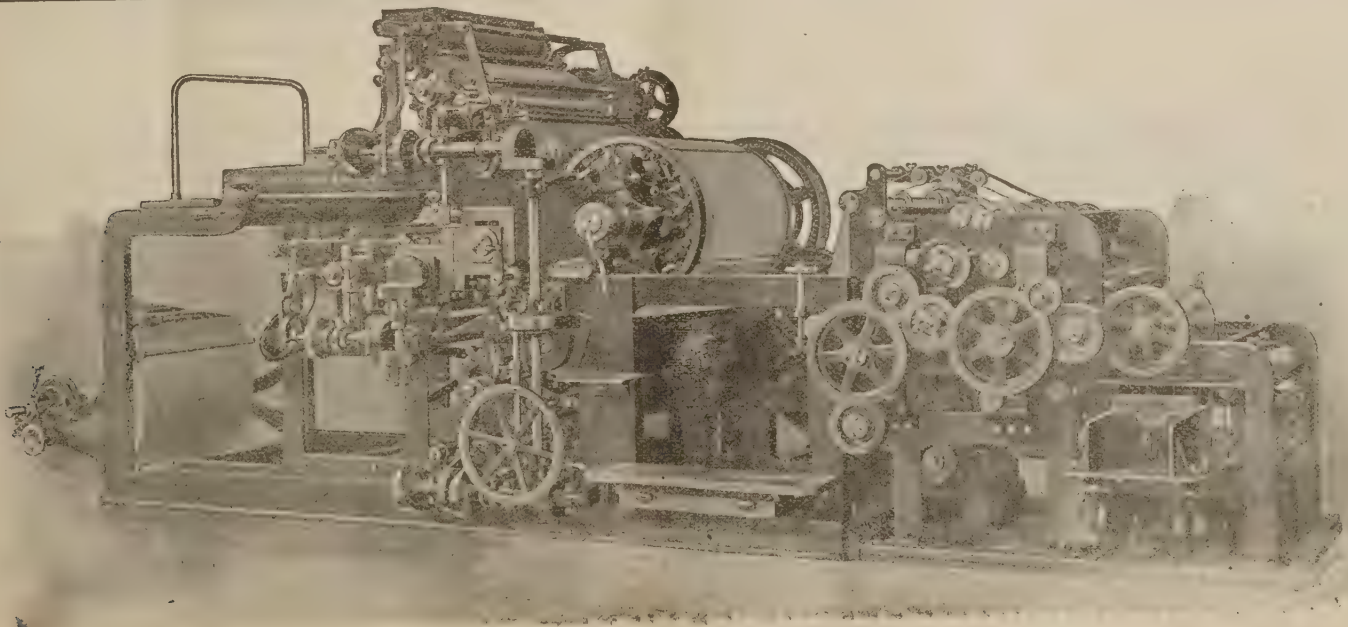
"I am pleased with the outlook of the company and will take five more shares."
 A. E. A.,—Mass.

"Yours with dividend check at hand. Am pleased with the great improvement in the magazine."
 B. K.,—Ills.

"I received check for dividend yesterday. The magazine is certainly improving and I think is bound to grow in popularity."
 J. H.,—R. I.

"I have this A. M. received the January dividend check (\$12.50) for which accept my thanks. I am, of course, more than satisfied and hope to be able in the course of a few months to take a few more shares."
 W. G.,—Scotland.

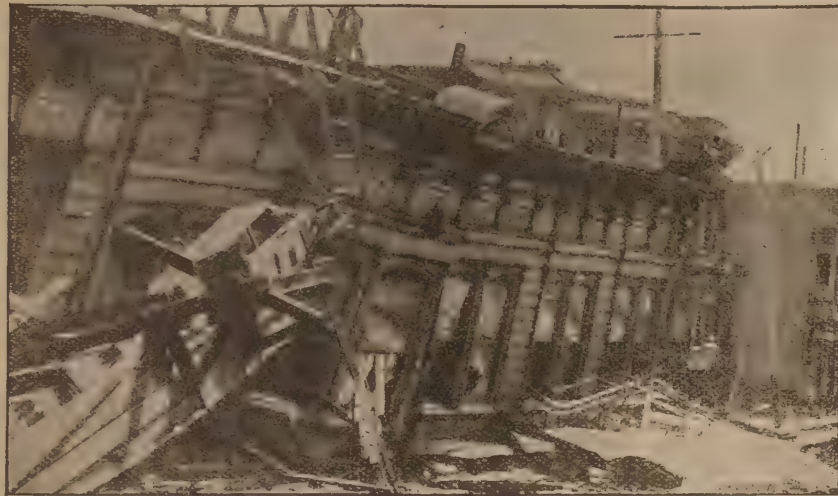
"It gives me much pleasure to acknowledge receipt of your check for \$5.00 for January dividend on my stock in your Company."
 T. M. C.,—Quebec.



The \$20,000 rapid perfecting press on which VICK'S MAGAZINE is printed. The press was built especially for the work it is now doing and is a marvel to all who see it in operation.

DEVASTATION OF SAN FRANCISCO BY EARTHQUAKE AND FIRE

THE pictures on these pages help to give an idea of the destruction which came to San Francisco as a result of the earthquake of April 18, and the fires which followed. The disaster was the greatest in property loss which has ever visited this country, being from \$250,000,000 to \$300,000,000. The loss of life is officially placed at less than 400, which has been far exceeded in many single calamities. The section devastated was about three miles in extreme length by two in extreme width, covering an area of about four square miles, or twenty-five hundred acres. It included all of the business and nearly all of the thickly settled residential portions of the city. Practically all that was left was a fringe of large manufactories in the south and of dwellings in the north and west. The portion left unscathed was thinly populated and only partially built over. Two hundred and fifty thousand people were left shelterless, and more than that number had to be fed for many days by the food provided by the government and the contributions from all over the country. The wealthy stood in the "bread line" with the poor to receive their share of food. Over \$9,000,000 has been contributed to the supply of the destitute. A section along the coast some 400 miles long was affected by the same earthquake, and Santa Rosa, San Jose, and many other communities suffered severely. (See page 14)



The Earthquake's Effect on Wooden Structures. Wreck of the Valencia Hotel, four stories high, where forty were killed.



Great Fissures in the Street left by the Earthquake. The House on the Left Sunk to the Depth of one story into the Ground



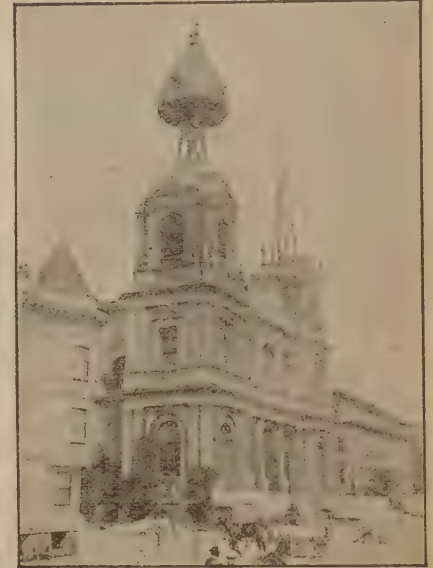
Where a Leading Episcopal Clergyman's meals were cooked The Out-door Kitchen of a Well-to-do Family



The Heart of the City from Nob Hill, Showing the Steel Frames of large office buildings on Market Street. Nob Hill was the finest Residence Section of the City and was covered with the Mansions of the Wealthy



South Slope of Nob Hill, with Fairmount Hotel in the distance



St. Dominick's Church, showing effect of Earthquake alone in District not Burned



View towards the Bay with Goat Island in the Distance



Ruins of an Episcopal Church on Market Street



Walls of Office Buildings with the stripped Steel Dome of the City Hall in Background



Partially finished Fairmount Hotel at Summit of Nob Hill, Interior damaged by fire

Vick's Magazine



Established by James Vick in 1878
 PUBLISHED BY
Vick Publishing Company, Dansville, N. Y.
 F. C. OWEN, Pres. C. E. GARDNER, Sec. & Treas.
 Entered as second-class matter at Dansville postoffice
 FRANCIS C. OWEN AND LENNIE GREENLEE,
 EDITORS

THIS PARAGRAPH when marked in blue pencil is notice that the time for which your subscription is paid, ends with this month. It is also an invitation to renew promptly, for while VICK'S MAGAZINE will be sent for a short period after the expiration of paid-up subscriptions it should be understood that all subscriptions are due in advance. Please notice that if you wish your magazine discontinued it is your duty to notify us by letter or card. Otherwise, we shall assume that you wish it continued and expect to pay for it. In writing always give your name and address just as they appear on your magazine.

10 CENTS gets this beautiful Wild Rose Center piece, also 1 large Dolly, 1 small Dolly, 1 Book Mark, 1 Stamp Cassette, 1 L. n Tray Cover.
10 CENTS gets this beautiful Kerchief Design, also 1 Collar with Cuffs, 1 Handkerchief, 1 Tie End, 1 Hair Ornament and Catalog of nice things.
Star Novelty Co., 1631 Ohio St., Chicago, Ill.

LANDSFELD SKIN DRESSING
 will make your face as
White as Milk and Soft as Silk
 Positively whitens the face, removes black heads, freckles, tan moth redness and pimples, cures by passage, barber's itch, eczema and all skin diseases. Liberal trial bottles sent for 50c. Address:
UNION CHEMICAL WORKS, Dept. B, Minneapolis, Minn.

FOR 10 CENTS
 We will send the new POLKA DOT COLLAR AND CUFFS design here shown, also one COLLAR in EYELET EMBROIDERY, one BATTERBURG CUSHION TOP, one BATTERBURG HANDKERCHIEF, one BATTERBURG WING for Hair or Dress Ornament, NEW BOOK ON ART NEEDLEWORK—and our big magazine, filled with stories, news, fancy work, fashions, etc.—**ONE WHOLE YEAR.** Send 10 CENTS at once to
HOME SWEET HOME, DEPT. 23, CHICAGO, ILL.

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 \$75 to \$100 per month regular. We furnish free complete sample case outfit of our high class Flavors, Icings, Perfumes, Toilet goods, Soaps, etc. Our agents' big success due to our high class goods. Write for catalogue and new offer.
T. H. SNYDER & CO., 8 & 10 North St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

WANTED: Assistant District Managers. No investment or previous experience required. Position permanent. Salary \$35 per month. \$3 per day for expenses. State age and present employment. Kuhlman Co., Dept. P, Atlas Block, Chicago.

GOOD PAY WANTED MEN everywhere—to distribute circulars, advertising matter, tack signs etc. No canvassing. Address
NATIONAL ADVERTISING CO.,
 1020 Oakland Bank Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

SKULL AND CROSSBONES RING
 The latest fad. Solid, Silver oxidized, sparkling red ruby eyes. Artistic, Weird and Nobby. Will be sent by mail upon receipt of 50 cents. Excelsior Watch Co., 28 Cent. Bank Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

FISH WILL BITE Like Hungry Wolves any season of the year if you use **Magic Fish Lure**, a wonderful bait that greatly attracts all kinds of fish. Write today and get a box to help introduce it. Agents wanted.
Okl. Mfg. Co., 14 Elm St., Anadarko, Okla.

SONG-POEMS and musical manuscript arranged. Publication secured. Cash or royalty if available.
WAINWRIGHT MUSIC CO., 78-96 Evergreen Ave. Chicago.

LADIES, You Can Be Beautiful
 You can have a delightful, enticing, spotless complexion that will bring you the admiration and attention that are women's rightful heritage. Why endure ugly Pimples, Blackheads, Greasy Skin, Red Nose or Face, Freckles, or other blemishes? **Dr. Grant's Complexion Tablets** will remove them all and give you a fine, pure, dainty skin that will make you beautiful beyond your strongest hope. Write for **FREE Trial Treatment.**
THE DR. GRANT LABORATORIES,
 206 Grant Building, Boston, Mass.

Gold Watch Free
 This watch, has American lever-jeweled movement, stem wind and set. The cases are warranted 14k. gold plate and handsomely engraved. I publish a line of colored pictures 16x20 inches, the originals of which cost hundreds of dollars. I will send you ten of these pictures without any money in advance. Sell them to your friends for 25 cents and send me the \$2.50 collected and I will send watch by registered mail. **R. ROBINSON,**
 DEPT. 11, 1323 WABASH AVENUE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

June in the Flower Garden

The Rose Beds

The pleasantest part of the work among roses comes this month in the gathering of the flowers. Cut them lavishly for the house and for friends; it is far better for the bushes than to let them fade upon their stems, even if one looks at the matter only from a practical standpoint. Even the malformed flowers and the sweet but homely hedge roses are good for pot-pourri, and this is the great month for making it.

If the flowers are cut with generous stems the usual July pruning given to hardy hybrid roses need not be so close. Some of the single roses, like Rugosa and Wichuraiana, have beautiful red hips, or seed pods, and the flowers of these there is some excuse for leaving ungathered. A vigorous pruning after their first profuse crop of flowers is over, usually starts from the roots of a hybrid perpetual rose a number of strong young shoots that will bloom well in fall.

If June is a dry month the rose beds will need a generous supply of water to mature and open their fine buds and flowers. A light mulch of manure applied before the one of lawn-grass clippings is a good stimulant for this time, unless one prefers to use liquid fertilizers about once a week. Rose beds that are not mulched should have the soil kept fine and loose over their surface.

For rose bugs and caterpillars there is no good remedy except hand-picking. The other insects that molest the rose are easily discouraged by the application of either hellebore, applied in a spray, or of tobacco water. The latter is apt to stain the flowers if allowed to dry upon them, so it is better to thoroughly rout all insects before the buds begin to open.

Value of Summer Mulch

By Ida D. Bennett

Having gotten the plants from the hot-beds, flats and the florist settled in the open ground, one is suddenly confronted with a condition of things that is apt to prove disquieting and surprising. A thousand or even a hundred plants in the close juxtaposition of the hotbed do not take up any appreciable amount of space or require any great expenditure of time for their care, but the same number of plants, set out in beds and border, and occupying from one to three square feet of ground apiece, is a very different proposition. Certain conditions of soil and moisture must be supplied if success is to light on our banners. During the early days of summer when rains are frequent and the weeds have not yet begun to possess the land to the exclusion of every thing of value, the problem is simple; but soon comes the hot dry days of summer, when daily waterings are necessary, that must be followed by almost as frequent cultivating, that the soil may be kept fine and open and not become hard and caked as would be the result were it

allowed to dry out repeatedly under a hot sun after each watering; this, probably, is the ideal culture, resulting in the most vigorous growth and floescence but, unfortunately, this system of cultivation is not always practicable—especially is this the case with women gardeners whose time and strength are often limited. It is also true of the business man whose time is necessarily limited to the brief hour in the morning and such time as may remain after the day's work is accomplished.

For such gardeners it is manifestly impracticable that a garden of any extent should be thoroughly cultivated every two or three days in addition to staking, tying up, pruning and watering required. There remains then, only to find a satis-

to time as the drying out of the grass renders it much thinner than when applied and beds much exposed will require much heavier mulching than those in partial or complete shade. So, too, beds of fine, low growing plants will require much less mulching than tall, robust plants as the Cosmos, Cleome, Dahlia, Perennial Phlox, which may be kept mulched to a depth of eight or ten inches to advantage and in a season of normal rainfall, will require little, if any, watering.

For several years I have experimented and carefully noted the results of using the mulch in place of cultivation and, where time, strength or the water supply is limited, have found it invaluable.

I have found that where a part of a bed has been mulched and the remaining part left uncovered and watered that the weeds grew rampantly, needing constant attention and that no amount of water seems to assuage the thirst of the soil under a brilliant sun, while the soil of the protected portion of the bed would, on turning back the mulch, be found cool, moist and free from weeds.

It is well in the interest of comeliness to add fresh grass as often as twice a week, on those beds most in evidence. Where white clover forms part of the covering of the lawn the effect of the beds covered with the green grass and dainty blossoms and crowned with bright flowers, is charming. Such mulch as is left on the ground during winter will protect the soil and prevent its leaching and in the spring will have decayed and may be worked into the ground, adding a valuable element, humus, to the soil.

It may be well in closing to sound a note of warning against the ubiquitous, predatory hen to whom the mulch offers a never failing source of interest and occupation superior to anything I have yet encountered and, unless the chickens, either of one's own possessing or of one's neighbor can be rigorously excluded, the mulch may as well be abandoned, for no self respecting hen will rest content until it has seen what is under it. Recently, on looking out of the door, I saw the mulch on a lily bed flying into the path at a lively rate and on stepping to the end of the porch to see the cause of the commotion, saw a beautiful brown thrush, that had its nest somewhere on the ground, and haunted the neighborhood of the lily pond, making a vigorous onslaught on the mulch, which explained many mysterious disturbances during the summer.

The Rosebays and their Allies

June is the month of rosebays as well as of roses. The flowers of some of the dwarfier sorts and of the hybrids begin to open in May, but in June the rhododendrons of any great estate that has been well planted form one of the finest shows of the season. The great estates ought not to mono-



The Fragrant White Azalea—A. arborescens. One of the most beautiful shrubs that bloom in June


factory substitute for cultivation and frequent watering, and, fortunately, this is found as the reward of frequent and persistent use of the lawn mower; the grass clippings from the lawn applied as a mulch affording the finest kind of a substitute for cultivation and copious watering.

Before applying the mulch, the ground should be worked over fine and deep and left free from all weeds; the clippings should then be spread evenly over the surface working it under the leaves of low growing plants and well up around the stems of tall ones—as lilies.

Once placed the mulch should not be disturbed as its object is to exclude light and hot air and retain moisture. Left undisturbed under the influence of rain and dew it settles into a felt like mat that effectually discourages the growth of weeds, while retaining the moisture, coolness and friableness of the soil so essential to the welfare of the plant.

The mulch must be added to from time

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IN THE GARDEN



CONDUCTED BY JOHN ELLIOTT MORSE.

June, the "month of roses," is upon us, and Nature with her artists and artisans is busily retouching the landscape with green and gold, and in her own mysterious way is weaving and blending the lights and shadows of hill top and forest into strange mosaics of living, growing things, and growth and development are everywhere visible. Well, she has not been idle or careless in the soil tillers' behalf, and the unseen agencies at work even during the long period of slumber from which the earth has now awakened have wrought out beginnings that we with plow and spade and hoe must now complete. We have not long to seek or far to go for beautiful things in our own domain, for in our gardens Nature's book, if read aright, is opening up and unfolding just as beautiful, just as wonderful things in the growing plants and vegetables as out there on the landscape among the growing grasses and flowers.

But as to Practical Things

What has June planned out for us to do? Much we believe if we supplement Nature's work and do well the part she has left for us to accomplish. The weeds never take any vacation but in sunshine and rain they go on forever and, like the poor, we always have them with us. So they must be discouraged and by constant and eternal nagging with cultivator and hoe be made to understand that their place is more valuable than their company.

This leads me to speak of a serious mistake to which nearly all of us are far too prone. The belief seems almost universal that the mere killing of weeds is the sole object of culture, so a scarcity of weeds gives excuse for the cultural tools to lie idle. This too prevalent idea alone causes the loss of millions of dollars annually to the vegetable and other cultivated crops of the country. Culture is the great panacea for nearly all soils and conditions, and lacking this, fertility and other needed adjuncts count for little.

Bugs, Worms and Lice

Miserable creatures! How we hate them as they crawl over our crisply growing vegetable fruits and flowers! They are like the poor, in that they are not only always with us but like them, their name is legion, and we must get after them early and late if we expect to save anything from their ravages. By the way, do you know that the ugly toad is your best friend in this work? He dotes on a meal of bugs, flies, or the fat slugs that prowl around nights while we are sleeping the sleep of the just, and just as we are thinking of getting started to work in the morning they are ready to retire to the privacy of the underside of boards, stones, bricks or any other hiding place. You view his work of destruction but find him not and again he returns to do farther damage another night. Try the toad remedy by all means. Many gardeners are loud in their praises of the streaked snake as a friend of the gardener. Well maybe he is; but I've never seen him doing any thing, only trying to swallow my good toads and lying around looking mean and reminding me of the old serpent which got into the first garden, and made so much trouble for us all. Maybe he's good for something, but it is unfortunate that appearances are so against him. There's the ant, too, has a great reputation for industry and all that—well, so has his satanic majesty, and one is just about as useful as the other. When you find flourishing colonies of ants look out for the aphids, or green plant lice as most of us know them. They are the ants' cows and are carefully tended, and reg-

ularly milked by this underground dairyman. The lice pasture on the very newest and tenderest growth of leaf and twig, sucking the sweet and tender juices from them, and as soon as the pasture becomes a little poor Mr. Ant carries his cows to a new field of action. As the lice are not biting, but sucking pests, we can do nothing by trying to poison them. Tobacco dust, and kerosene emulsion are the doses for him, using the former with a powder gun or bellows and the latter with a sprayer. The ant is best looked after with carbon bi-sulphid. Buy a pound can of it from your druggist. With a dibble or sharp stick make two or more holes about the ant's nest, unscrew the top of can and pour about a tablespoonful of the contents in each hole push the dirt back over the hole as quickly as possible, firming it well to retain the fumes. Do not inhale any of the fumes yourself as they are deadly, and keep the can away from light or fire. Moles may be disposed of with the carbon in much the same way only give them larger doses.

June Planting

Beans for pickling and late snaps may be planted this month and even into July in localities where frosts do not occur too early in autumn. They may follow the earliest peas, thus giving two crops in one season. We prefer rather small podded varieties for this late planting. Extra Early Round-pod Red Valentine for a green pod, and Crystal White wax for a light pod being the best we have ever tried.

Brussels Sprouts

These do not receive as much attention as they deserve. Their culture is very simple, like that of late cabbage and cauliflower. Unless the seed is started very early in June and "hustled" all the time, it is better to buy well established plants and set them out by the first of July. Then to get best results, you must cultivate and hoe diligently, never allowing the suspicion of a weed to appear or crust to form on the surface of the soil; always draw the soil up around the stems somewhat; after the heads are well formed cultivation may cease and the heads of the cauliflower must be blanched by drawing the leaves together and tying well above the heads. The leaves of the Brussels sprouts may be broken down in the fall to allow the little heads or sprouts more room on the stalks. Many early cabbages are liable to burst. A good preventive is either to cut part of the roots off or take the head in your hands and partly pull the plant from the ground; this makes the head mature slower and there is less danger of its bursting.

Corn

If for any reason your late Evergreen corn does not promise well, plant some early variety any time in June or early July. Crosby's Early or Early Minnesota will be satisfactory.

Beets

For winter use, beets and carrots are best sown this month, being much more tender than the earlier ones. For canning nothing could be finer than the Detroit Dark Red Turnip beet. The Earliest Short Horn is the best table carrot.

Cucumbers

To obtain a large yield for pickling, we should plant in rich soil either six feet apart each way or in drills eight feet apart, with the hills three feet apart. The seed should not be covered over an inch in depth, drop six or eight in a space, as many plants are liable to be

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destroyed by the striped beetle; we fight these with air-slacked lime, soot or sifted ashes, mixed with road dust or flour to avoid injury to the young plants. When they have become well established thin out to about three vines in a hill; give frequent and shallow culture until runners form.

Other Seeds to Plant Endive, Lettuce and Radishes for summer and fall use, Pumpkins, Squash and Turnip seed should be sown early in June.

Pepper and Egg Plants and Late Celery must all be planted in the field or garden as soon as possible and given the best of care and culture. If one lives near a green house or professional plant grower it is usually wiser to buy plants of these latter varieties than to raise them from seed.

Marketing Many of our readers garden for their own pleasure only; others with more space may very profitably garden for the pleasure of their friends. Every one appreciates the best and most all are willing to pay for it. "Best" in "garden sass" means not only well grown specimens of the best varieties, but above all freshness. To illustrate—

With the Berries

The Berry Pickers One of the most vexatious problems of small fruit growing is the management of the pickers. Especially is this true since the scarcity of labor makes its demands so exacting. In many instances it becomes very difficult to tell whether the hired help or the employer is proprietor and once we do get hold of a really desirable picker it is best to anchor to them from year to year. Much of course, depends upon the one in charge of the work and both skill and foresight are often taxed to the limit to keep things running even half way smoothly. In general, the best preventives of trouble are good berries and good prices; and even then the lines of demarcation between mine and thine have sometimes to be very sharply defined. Some growers allow no conversation among the pickers during the work hours, which course doubtless has merits, for though seemingly strenuous it often saves no end of mischief being hatched. In other instances it becomes necessary to outwit the utter selfishness of the chronic eaters, who without some restraint will persist in eating more than their wages. Generally speaking, it pays to get rid of that class of workers as quickly as possible. One grower within our knowledge has adopted the plan of dealing out gum to his pickers every morning, and while it calls for some cash outlay, on the whole it seems to generate a friendly feeling and no doubt saves many times its cost in berries. If we can instill some pride and friendly competition into the minds of the pickers as to the quality and appearance of the work done, this of itself goes a long way towards maintaining the prices of the fruit and holding the good will of the purchasers.

June Care of the Berry Bushes This largely depends upon the style of culture, whether hill or matted rows. Of course, in either case cultivation, either horse or hand, can be kept up to near fruiting time. Now as to pinching back the canes there are differences of opinion, some preferring low bushes and others a higher growth. Personally, I like not less than two to three feet canes, and if grown in the hill, midway between the two heights is about right, as they are less liable to whipping in the wind and tipping over than if grown higher. Grown in continuous rows, whether wide or narrow, they will stand higher growth, and we believe one year with another are less liable to winter kill than if grown in the hill. Be this as it may, it is best to pinch back the leaders and allow opportunity for the growth of laterals.

although we have always grown quantities of peas and sweet corn we can never supply the demand; the secret is this, everything is picked and delivered to customers within an hour or two of the time of picking. No wilted or dried up specimens ever leave our garden. If the pods are at all sandy we wash the peas and put them in splint baskets where they drain off. Sweet corn has its coarse outer husks removed; tomatoes are wiped off with a cloth and with their bright polished surface tempt every one to buy. The lettuce heads are cut close to the ground and any injured or discolored leaves broken off; inverting the heads we quickly dip them in and out of a tub of clean cold water, give them a vigorous shake and stand them right side up in clean baskets. Onions, radishes and all root crops are washed, tied in bunches, drained and packed in baskets. Unless one has a regular covered market wagon it is best to cover every basket with paper well tied on, and if the sun is very hot a thick blanket or canvas cover over the whole load is a necessity to keep everything clean and fresh.

Prices If one grows only the best of everything and delivers his goods in this way, he certainly has a right to even more than top market or store prices; to get these prices cater to those who have plenty of money to pay for good things and—let them pay.

With the Berries

At this time of year suckering is very essential, and especially if grown in continuous rows, else they become so thick and matted that blasting of the fruit to greater or less extent is almost a certain consequence. Too much of it also weakens the cane growth for the following year, and at least partial thinning out from time to time as occasion requires is good practice.

New Strawberry Beds

Whatever else it is, successful strawberry growing is by no means a picnic. Two years ago, I planted out two acres for a company and the season's culture consisted of cultivating eight times with horse and eight times hoeing by hand. In addition to this the blossoms and runners were kept cut off until July after which the runners were left on and trained along the rows. In the late autumn it was a great satisfaction to know that the entire two acres were scrupulously free from weeds, and in fact, we were fully persuaded that the labor expended would fully pay and that success was a fully merited reward. Speaking of the runners and blossoms, keep them entirely off until July. The blossoms of course, will not bother after this and the runners will then be required to fill in the rows. It is often quite a temptation to allow the fruit to mature, and upon early set vigorous plants quite a considerable will do so if allowed to; but it is best for the future crops to pinch the blossoms off without stint.

Home Market

If available, this is by all means most desirable, but sometimes it is hard to maintain prices, more so perhaps than in the large city markets. A great advantage of the home market to the consumer at least is that they never need to have the annoyance of stale or half rotten fruit. Large producers, of course, can not fully rely upon home demand except it be close to the larger cities. But growers for home use with a larger or smaller surplus can ordinarily work up a home trade that will prove both desirable and profitable. Last year, our berry crops, all varieties, were marketed at home and with very few exceptions at our own prices. Our grape crop of several tons, with exception of about one ton, was also sold at home or less than five miles distant. So we say, wherever possible build up a home market. It may require time, but gilt edge fruit nicely put up, and fair dealing will, in time, win the right of way and hold it against the onslaughts of thievish raiders whose only thought is the sale of today with no care of the tomorrows to come.

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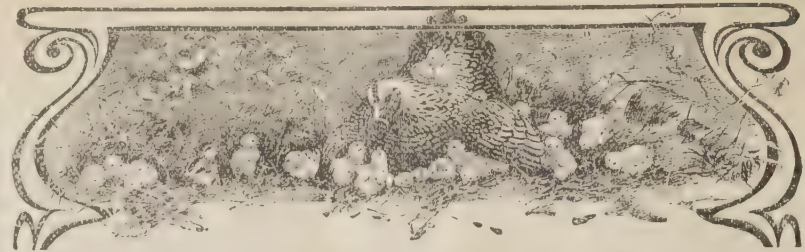
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POULTRY

BY VINCENT M. COUCH

Mr. Couch will answer in these pages any questions of general interest on Poultry topics sent to him in care of Vick's Magazine. Letters requiring personal replies should enclose self-addressed, stamped envelopes.

Hens Picking Feathers.

My hens are picking the feathers off each other and eating them, will you please tell me why they do this; and what will prevent them from doing it.—S. H. B. Troy, Ill.

Your hens pick feathers from one another for want of the blood or juice contained in the quill, also fowls that are closely confined often form this habit. Feed about one ounce of fresh cut raw meat to each hen three times a week. Keep grit and shell before them all the time, and feed all the grain in a litter so to keep them busy and give them exercise.

The Golden Wyandotte.

This breed has many good qualities. The fancier selects them because they are handsome and attractive, and the utility breeder because they have the size, are hardy and are an all round good breed. They are an American breed in every sense of the word. They are quiet, easily handled and for setters and mothers can not be excelled. Like the other varieties of Wyandottes they are well adapted to a cold climate and are good winter layers. Their color and disposition makes them desirable as a city or village breed. Smoke and dust do not show on them to any extent, and they are contented in quite close quarters. They lay a fair-sized brown egg. The chickens are especially noted for making fine plump broilers, and the fowls, while one pound lighter than the Plymouth Rock, make excellent roasters. If a breed is desired upon which you can exert your ingenuity and skill in breeding you will find it in the Golden Wyandotte.

Correspondence.

Will you kindly answer the following questions and oblige.—G. E. Mc.

1. How is the best way to feed milk to hens? Would it pay to boil it?
2. Will eggs hatch that have had salt or grease on them?
3. Is Kaffir corn a good hen feed and will it take the place of wheat?
4. Of the three varieties,—White, Buff and Brown Leghorns,—which are rated as the best layers?
5. Is a poultry house made of one inch lumber and cracks battened warm enough when the temperature does not go lower than ten degrees below and seldom down to that?

Ans. 1. Pour into shallow dishes, in sweet or sour condition, preferably sour. I use much of it in making mash.

2. Eggs that have had salt on them, or grease will not hatch.

3. Kaffir corn makes a good poultry food. To feed alone I would prefer wheat, but with other grain it would take its place all right.

4. The Brown Leghorns have made rather the best records, but for ordinary layers I would have no choice.

5. Yes, if well built, but a lining or covering with some good paper material will improve it.

Hatching and Caring for Chicks in Hot Weather.

Chicks smother easily when hatching on a very hot day, and especially on a close muggy day, when the air is laden with moisture. For a good day to hatch with an incubator, one with a cool breeze stirring is best. In such weather the chicks are stronger and I can hatch out and get a larger per cent of them up on their feet than on a still close day. When I have a hatch due and the day or night

is sultry I watch them closely. They seem to smother in this kind of weather without the slightest provocation. To bring out a good strong chick the temperature should not be allowed to get so high as to cause the chick to pant before it gets dried off, and especially if it is a close hot day. Such a sweating at any time weakens a chick and it will never be as strong afterwards. On a clear cool day, if the temperature is kept pretty near on the mark, the chicks will take care of themselves in good shape, but as the hatches do not always come off in this kind of weather it is best to look after them closely at this time.

Years ago I thought it did not pay to hatch chickens later than June and unless there are good facilities for taking care of them I am still of that opinion. They need a good shady run at this time of year, and of all places for them I have found none better than a corn field or orchard. Shade and fresh fresh water are two things very necessary for small chicks in warm weather. Even in the spring quite early the sun occasionally shines so hot that the chicks need shade other than that provided by the brooders. I have often made shelter for them by standing up boards in one way and another, being careful to place them so that they will not blow down. The chicks will get under them on hot days and on top of them when they need the sun.

For midsummer and late hatches I am quite in favor of the old hen, and especially for brooding the chicks. A good hen if given a chance will, as a rule, keep them in more comfortable places than they will find it left to themselves, and I think will more quickly acclimate and harden themselves with a hen than alone in a brooder. But when with hens there is one thing that must be looked sharp after and that is lice. If these pests get started and are left undisturbed they will get in "double duty" on these hot days and nights. Here is a point in favor of artificial hatching and brooding, and a pretty strong one.

Comparison of Weights of Hens and their Eggs.

It is a very inferior fowl from a practical point of view that will not lay from two to several times its weight in eggs. How many times the value of the eggs laid will exceed the market value of the hen depends entirely on the class the fowls belong to and the market value of poultry and eggs. It is a fair estimate to suppose a Leghorn hen that will weigh about four pounds will produce eggs that will average about a pound and a half to the dozen. If she should lay thirteen dozen eggs in a year, which is not far out of the way for a well cared-for hen, she would produce nineteen and one-half pounds of eggs, or nearly five times her weight. Take for instance the Rhode Island Red. A hen in good laying condition will weigh five to five and a half pounds and a dozen of her eggs will weigh about one and three-fourths pounds. If she should lay twelve dozen during the year, the total number of pounds produced would be twenty-one, or about four times her weight. The heavier the breed the less the proportion. With the Leghorn as first mentioned, the market value at eight cents a pound, the local market price would be thirty-two cents, while the value of eggs laid by her would be three dollars and twenty-five cents at twenty-five cents a dozen, a little over ten times the value in market pounds of the hen. While with the

(Continued on page 36)

POULTRY DOLLARS COME EASY

Our large, 52 to 112 page beautifully illustrated magazine, best printed and edited poultry journal, makes it easy to add \$5 to your income by keeping a few hens on a town lot or make a success on a large scale. Covers everything. Contains information that will put you in comfortable circumstances if followed. **POULTRY SUCCESS** one year 50 cts. Large illustrated poultry book free to annual subscribers. 3 months trial 10 cts.

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The richer your land the bigger will be your crop. The richer your poultry food is in egg making properties the more eggs you will get. That's natural. Just feed them **Harvey's Electric Poultry Food** and see the egg basket fill fuller and quicker. It's rich in egg making elements. That's why. Send for catalog of everything for the poultryman. Do it today.

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NATURE'S only Perfect Hatcher. Made of straw like a hen's or bird's nest. Catalog free. Write to-day.

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Keep Your Eggs

all summer while prices are low and sell next winter at a good profit. Write for our plan it will interest you.

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Be Your Own Boss!

MANY MAKE \$2,000 A YEAR You have the same chance. Start a Mail Order Business at home. We tell you how. Money coming in daily. Enormous profits. Everything furnished. Write at once for our "Starters" and FREE particulars. C. M. KRUEGER CO., 155 Washington St. Chicago, Ill.

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expenses to men or women to manage our business in assigned districts. Salary sure and paid weekly. Expense money advanced. No experience or capital required. We instruct and furnish everything free. Permanent. Others like it. Why not you? Investigate. C. W. Stanton Co., 322 Dearborn St., Chicago.

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Sure Cure for DYSPEPSIA and all KINDRED DISEASES

To prove our faith in **DYS-PEP-TO** we will send it on 15 days approval to all who send description of their case, agree to use it as directed and promise to remit \$1 for a full month's treatment. If satisfied with results of 15-day test, if **DYS-PEP-TO** was not the most wonderful Dyspepsia treatment ever known we would not make this most liberal offer—and when you CAN test the truth of our claims at OUR expense no further inducement should be necessary to cause you to write us today. Send description—no money.

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For mailing your letter if you will write me today (enclosing this advertisement) for a trial treatment of my incomparable remedy for **KIDNEY, BLADDER AND URIC ACID DISEASES**. I believe the Trial will do you more good than all the medicine you have heretofore taken, and I want to prove it without cost. Remember, I send a 2-cent stamp and Trial Treatment absolutely FREE by mail, and without attaching any conditions. Fifteen years of success back of this offer. Address

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Relieves instantly, cures permanently, sweaty, offensive, itching, burning, swollen, tired feet, soft corns, ingrowing nails—makes walking easy. E. R. Hall, Helena, Texas, writes: "Suddicura is worth its weight in gold for sweaty or sore feet." 25c and 50c. The 50c size equals four 25c. Money back if dissatisfied. **TRIAL FREE.** Agents wanted. Write at once. Address **BURTON CO., Dept. G Chestnut Street, Chicago.**

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Allen's Ulcerine Salve cures Chronic Ulcers, Bone Ulcers, Scrofulous Ulcers, Varicose Ulcers, Indolent Ulcers, Mercurial Ulcers, White Swelling, Milk Leg, Fever Sores, all old sores. **Positively no failure.** By mail 60c. **J. P. ALLEN, Dept. 49 St. Paul, Minn.**

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Everybody Works But Father; Bismarck Good Bye; My Irish Mother; Night from Nostalgia; My Auntie; Morgan's; Alnt J. P.; Mary's a Grand Old Name; Bright Eyes Good Bye; Would You Care? Nobody; Can't You See I'm Lonely; Dreaming Love of You; Have You Seen My Henry Brown; I'm Lonesome for You; What You Tell to Be when the Best Times Round; Open a Little Open; Open in Your Heart for Me; I've Got a Feeling for You; Teasing; Blue Bell; Beddies; Always in the Way; I'm Trying so Hard to Forget You; Since Father Went to Work. **GET AT THE NEW SONGS** over 100 in full size **MUSIC** for piano, and our Big Magazine of Stories, Fables, Fancy Work, Music, etc., **ONE WHOLE YEAR for only 10 CENTS.** Address **HOME SWEET HOME, DEPT. 21, CHICAGO, ILL.**

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The finest only. **Woodlawn Kennels, Louisville, Ky.**

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A book every married couple should read. Shows you the little things you ought to know, which few people will tell you before you are married. You'll be spared all the endless troubles that arise. Tells you what to do and what to expect when you get married. Not to expect. Courtship, engagements, presents, quarrels, matrimonial privileges of engaged. Also contains complete story "DID SHE DO WRONG?" and 50 New Jokes. Price 10c 8 for 20c. **STAR BOOK CO., CHICAGO, ILL.**

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With coins, cards, dice, handkerchiefs, eggs, bottles, plates, dominoes, ribbons, rings, glasses, etc. The great book contains 1319 **PICTURES** and **FULL DIRECTIONS** for performing each Trick. You can astonish and amuse your friends and **MAKE MONEY** by giving public entertainments. Only a little practice required and you may become a great Magician like Houdin or Kellar. Send us **TEN cents** for our Big Magazine full of stories, etc. one year on trial and we will send you this great book free by return mail. 8 for 20c. **Home Sweet Home, T77, Chicago, Ill.**

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send you, prepaid, 10 beautiful pictures in colors. You sell them at 10 cents each, send me the dollar, and I will send you a handsome 7 precious stone set ring for your trouble. It is back all unpaid goods. **M. A. DEMME, Dept. 17, 146 Franklin St., CHICAGO.**

SAVE 400% by making soft drinks at home.

New method. Money refunded if not as guaranteed. Send stamp for particulars. **A. E. Liepe, 53 Green Bay Ave., Milwaukee, Wis.**

SILK & LACE

To introduce our popular magazine of Stories, Music, Fables, Fancy Work, etc., we will send it **ONE WHOLE YEAR** for only **10 CENTS** and also send a big package of **SILK REMNANTS** for orray quilts, sofa covers, etc. in all colors—and a card of fine lace free. Don't miss this big offer. **HOME SWEET HOME, Dept. 23, CHICAGO**

For Next Fall

We have always led in making the most liberal clubbing offers that were ever placed before the public. Commencing with next September we shall begin another series of liberal clubbing offers and desire the services of first-class agents to take up this work. Will you be in a position to accept a proposition at that time. If so send us your name and address and we shall be pleased to send you our special offers at that time. The coming season will undoubtedly be the most remarkable in the history of magazine clubs and the rewards will be received by those who are first in the field and push the work.

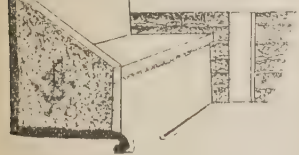
VICK PUBLISHING CO., DANVILLE, N. Y.

SORE EYES

D. BAATH'S EYE WATER



EDITED BY LUELLA M. MACKAY



All questions of general interest relating to this department will be answered on this page if addressed to the editor in care of Vick's Magazine

Old Parasol Frames

May be made into things of beauty by coverings of silk, satin, chiffon, or suitable wash fabrics. If the handle is wood and shows evidence of wear, enamel it a color suitable for the cover you have planned. Remove the metal thimble from the top by drawing out the wire rivet. Carefully rip off the old cover and the little puffs and lay aside for patterns.

If your frame has eight ribs, as most parasol frames have, cover with two squares, each twice the size of two-thirds

the length of the rib. That is for an eighteen-inch rib, each square must be twice twelve or twenty-four inches when finished; for a twenty-four-inch rib, a thirty-two-inch square. Cut a tiny hole in the center of each square and slip over the wire, one on top of the other, with corresponding corners exactly opposite, and fasten one of the eight corners to the end of each rib. It is well to space the ribs exactly and sew the hems together where they cross each other midway between each two ribs, and some kind of fancy stitch or buttons can be used here. Ruffles of the material, lace, ribbon, chiffon, ribbon loops, or fringe, or puffs, may embellish. Slip on a little puff at the top and fasten the thimble in place again, and sew another puff at the end of the short ribs.

Since this cover is double except the points, a very pretty effect can be secured by a white upper square and tinted lower one, each trimmed with bands of the other color on both sides, or with lace insertion of white and tinted; this makes a lining effect of beauty and harmony. "Miles" of lace in frills could follow the edges of every hem inside and out.

In the softer materials, the threads may be pushed aside without breaking them for the wire; so that this same cover can do duty as mufflers for winter as well as parasol for summer. Heavy India linen with many rows of insertion above the hem, or drawn linen squares, are very practical, requiring little time to remove and launder. Or it can easily be laundered without removing by opening the parasol, setting on the floor or table, and scrubbing with a small brush with warm suds. A little ammonia helps. Then rinse with plenty of clear water, and leave open an hour or two to dry. To insure against rust, slip white paper between the ribs and the cover.

Gasoline also makes a first-class cleaner, but is a little more expensive. In materials with more "give," the squares need to be a little smaller; they must stretch tight enough to curve the ribs. This must be determined by fitting; and perhaps a tuck may become necessary above each hem; or the hem turned up the second time. If a lining is desired, cut by the old cover. Shirred or puffed linings in tints are very pretty. The old jointed-handle parasol which formed a part of Grandmother's trousseau

should be brought from the attic, enameled, covered, and added to the wedding outfit of the June bride.

Save the Old Slippers

If you have kept them on a shoe tree or stuffed with paper when not in use so they have retained their shape, you can cover them, and have slippers to match your "party" dresses or summer gowns. Cloth; silk; satin; brocade, perhaps enriched with beads in the figures; an embroidered pattern outlined in rope silk

and filled in mount-mellick stitches with beads here and there; kid; linen; canvas; may be used for coverings. And one of the very prettiest covers can be made of old kid gloves, letting the stitching for the back of the hand form the decoration for the toe; the

more elaborate the stitching, the handsomer the slipper.

Better results will be secured with the seam at the sides than at the heel, though in some materials both may seem desirable. Put the slippers on a shoe tree or stuff very tight; stretch the fabric over the front, sides and heel, pin at top and sole, simply sticking the pins straight in; cut a good seam larger than the shoe, and stitch and press the joinings. Crease exactly at edges of shoe, run in a double thread of strong twist or linen at bottom and tie very tight in the space between the upper and sole, which should be made greater by straining them apart. With a needle or stiletto slip the edge under, and it will usually require sewing only under the arch. Bind or blind stitch

Before experimenting on yourself with "patents" or "cure fads" read up Dr. Foote's Home Cyclopaedia; learn all about "the inner man" and how to treat him. So save \$\$\$ and health, too. All booksellers and 129 E. 28th Street, New York.

Our New Books

It will pay you to glance over our book offer made on another page. They have been selected with great care, and we recommend them as being reliable.

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As a means of calling attention to my business, I am offering a line of beautiful decorated lamps in colors, size 16x20 inches, suitable for parlor or sitting room. I will send you 12 of these pictures—without money in advance. People will be glad to give you 25c to own one. When sold send me the \$3 collected and I will send you this Lamp by **FREE** freight. I take back unsold copies, allow for all sold.

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FREE Repeating Rifle.

A dandy Crack Shot Repeating Rifle, nearly 3 feet long, elegant walnut stock, highly polished, handsomely nickel-plated barrel, trigger guard and side plates. Shoots shot, slugs or darts with terrific force and perfect accuracy. Sure death to rats, cats, sparrows and all small game. The best gun in the world for boys. Fine Target, Bullets and Darts **FREE** with each gun. This is the best outfit you ever saw—write to-day for free particulars. **L. F. M. CO., 9 Tenth St., Des Moines, Iowa.**

TWO PICTURES FREE

These two magnificent pictures of farm life should be in every home. They are printed in rich colors. Every person who gets these pictures will be delighted with their beauty. **OUR OFFER**—We want you to become acquainted with **THE BADGER & FARMERS' RECORD**, a splendid paper, and to have you do so, we will send it six months, and the two pictures for **25c** silver and the names of five farmers. Send at once. **BADGER PUBLISHING CO., 723 G Third St., Milwaukee, Wis.**

FREE CATARRH TREATMENT

The nose and throat are lined with mucous membrane. The catarrh germs burrow into the soft surface of this mucous membrane and cannot be reached and destroyed by the ordinary methods of treatment. This is why the various snuffs, sprays, ointments, jellies and other forms of catarrh treatment give but temporary relief.

My treatment reaches every portion of the diseased surface, at once killing all the Catarrh germs with which it comes in contact. At the same time by the use of constitutional medicines the blood is purified, the general system built up, and every trace of the disease eliminated from the system.

Catarrh Causes Consumption

Delay is most dangerous in diseases of the nose, throat, bronchial tubes and lungs; these diseases are constantly injuring the organs affected by them as well as the whole constitution. Consumption, which directly or indirectly causes nearly one-fourth of all deaths, usually has its origin from Catarrh.

Catarrh Causes Stomach Troubles

Dyspepsia is nothing more than Catarrh of the Stomach, and if neglected often develops the mucous lining of the stomach, sometimes even causing cancer.

Catarrh Causes Deafness

Nine-tenths of all cases of deafness are caused by Catarrh. Don't wait until the eardrums are destroyed and the hearing forever impaired. Write for my treatment at once.

DR. T. F. WILLIAMS, Who shows his confidence in his Treatment for Catarrh by sending a Month's Medicines Free.

COULD NEITHER TASTE NOR SMELL

"I was in a critical condition from Chronic Catarrh. Could not taste nor smell. Impossible to breathe through nose; hearing and sight both affected. Dr. Williams' treatment entirely cured me, and I can now taste and smell, while my hearing and sight are entirely restored."—M. S. FISH, Farnhamville, Iowa.

BAD CASE CATARRH OF STOMACH

"For years I had Catarrh of the Stomach. Was constipated, had no appetite, sour stomach, gas in stomach, belching. More tired in morning than upon retiring. All local doctors and expert specialists failed to even give relief. The Combination Treatment of Dr. Williams cured me entirely. I now enjoy perfect health."—Mrs. A. C. MOSIER, Granger, Iowa.

DOCTOR ADVISED MY TREATMENT

"For ten years I suffered dreadfully from Catarrh. I thought I could not live. Nothing seemed to help me. My family doctor advised me to try Dr. Williams' treatment, and I am glad to say it entirely cured me. I have not suffered one minute since with Catarrh."—Mrs. Rosa Sanders, New Virginia, Iowa.

ALMOST DEAF FROM CATARRH

"Ten years ago Dr. Williams' treatment cured me of catarrhal Deafness I could scarcely hear at all. Have had no return of the disease; my hearing is good; have no more headaches."—FRANK ABEL, 1104 Sixth Ave., Des Moines, Iowa.

FREE TREATMENT COUPON

DR. T. F. WILLIAMS, 238 Crocker Bldg., Des Moines, Iowa.

I have Catarrh, and wish to avail myself of your offer to furnish me a Month's Treatment Free. Also please send me your free descriptive book on Catarrh and its cure.

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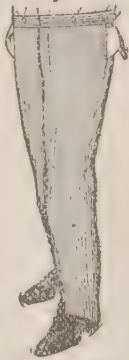
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To introduce our genuine Chevlot and Worsted Suits made to measure for \$7.98 With every suit, we give, as offered above, a pair of \$5 Worsted Trousers free.

You Do Not Pay Us One Cent until you have received suit and free trousers, in your home, and found them a perfect fit and exactly as represented.

Write at once for Free Samples of our newest cloths for suits and trousers.

The Gent's Complete Outfitting Co.

Dept. E-353, 242-244 Market Street, Chicago

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FREE WALKING SKIRT

WALKING SKIRT



This is a STYLISH High-grade Walking Skirt, one any lady would be pleased to wear. It is made of black Meridian Suiting, trimmed with straps of the same material and small covered buttons, as shown in the illustration. I publish a line of beautiful pictures in many colors, 16x30 inches, suitable for parlor or sitting room. When you write I will send you 12 of these beautiful pictures without any money in advance. Show them to your friends: they will gladly give you 25c to own one. When sold send me the \$3 and I will send you one of these STYLISH WALKING SKIRTS FREE of charge. I take back unsold pictures and send premiums for those sold. N. A. McEGREGOR, Dept. 109, 1322 Wabash Ave., CHICAGO.

the top. Glue the material over the heel if that cannot be stained a satisfactory color.

Worn Lace Curtains

May be put to a multitude of uses. Of course you have made sash curtains of them and draped mirrors and the like; and perhaps draped improvised wash stands. But have you made them into bedspreads?

Usually the top and bottom of old curtains are fairly good. Cut out the worn middle part, join these cut edges with coarse open insertion; then join two of these lengthwise with another row of insertion, making it cross in the center of the spread.

For an iron bed, use larger curtains and make the spread nearly reach the floor, and then cut out the corners to fit around the posts. Drape over a color.

This cut-away corner is the richest part of the design; with it cover a sofa pillow over a color sewing the raw edges in with the seams, and allowing the scallops to extend out on two sides as much as three inches for a finish. Or if too small, the fancy edge can come just to the edge or even not so far, and the pillow be finished with a half-inch soft white cotton rope. This rope you can make with candle-wicking, with heavy tassels. Sometimes these curtain-ends can be bought new in the stores for a trifle.

Curtains which are entirely worn out can still serve a useful purpose by cutting out the figures and appliqueing them into net, swiss, cheesecloth; and for dresser scarfs, small table covers, and other flat uses, the foundation might be a pale shade of lawn or the like.

Worn Mousquetaire Gloves,

Which the average woman feels are too expensive to be thrown away because the fingers are worn out, may be renewed an almost indefinite number of times by buying short gloves the same color, cutting off the hem, cutting off the old glove just above the button-opening; whip them together with close stitches on the wrong side; then whip several more folds parallel to this seam to look as if all had been originally so designed. If there is no button-opening, cut the old and the new glove off just above the thumb and join. Or the entire glove may be made much longer by cutting the old at the thumb and ripping the hem of the new and joining, thus making a button-opening where there was none before, and permitting more wrinkles or pulling the glove higher, either of which is desirable.

Long silk or lisle gloves may have new hands joined on, with rows of stitched underneath tucks, or lace insertion with another row of insertion just below the upper hem. Other rows may be added for trimming, or appliques be let in here and there. Get out the long silk mitts you laid away years ago expecting to "do something with them some time," buy short-wristed gloves or mitts and join on in this way. If they had no buttons, make longer as suggested for the kid ones. In mitts, a row of insertion just above the lower hem will afford a longer "hand" for the woman who can never buy a glove or mitt long enough below the thumb, besides adding much to its beauty.

With even the finest silk gloves, little bracelets at wrist and garters at top, of ribbon or elastic, fancy, or plain covered with ribbon, are worn. So that almost any decoration around the wrist may be used with perfect taste, and the seam never be suspected. There is usually a bow at the back, and the color is usually the same as the costume or its trimming, whether the glove be black or match the suit.

The tops of worn-out silk stockings can form the tops of long gloves; and even new ones can be so utilized at much less expense than the long gloves. If the arm is not plump, choose a child's stocking.

The band and top of long gloves need not match in quality, but should match in shade. In colors, therefore, it is wisdom to provide a second pair of hands at the time of purchase, so they may be matched exactly.

New Hair Remedy

Quickly Cures Dandruff, Stops Falling Hair, Restores Gray or Faded Hair to Natural Color. Never Fails to Grow New Hair

A \$1.00 Package Mailed Free to Prove It Does All We Claim For It. Costs Absolutely Nothing To Try



The Above Illustration Plainly Shows What Foso Has Done for Others. It Will Do As Much For You. Try a \$1.00 Package. It's Free.

Men whose hair or beards are straggling or all gone, women whose tresses have been thinned by fever or hair falling out, requiring the use of switches; little children, boys and girls whose hair is coarse and unruly, all find in this great remedy just the relief they want. Foso grows hair on bald heads, thickens eyebrows and lengthens eyelashes, restores gray or faded hair to its natural color, prevents thin hair, stops itching, cures dandruff, scurf of scalp, pimples, and makes the hair of any man, woman or child long, heavy, silky and beautifully glossy. Fill out free coupon and mail today.

Free \$1.00 Package Coupon

Fill in your name and address on blank lines below, cut out the coupon and mail to J. F. Stokes, Mgr., 5575 Foso Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio, and a full sized \$1.00 package will be sent you by first mail free, all charges prepaid.

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The Home Laundry

A Few Suggestions That Will Be Found Helpfull

Starching and Ironing

Good starch is necessary if you wish your clothes to look well. To make it mix half a cupful of lump starch in a cupful of cold water, stirring until smooth. Pour on enough boiling water to make it clear, cook three minutes, and it is ready to use. The addition of gum arabic water will make it stiffer. Put two ounces of gum arabic in a pint of water and let it stand until it is all dissolved. Add two or three tablespoonfuls to the starch; it will make it glossy and the clothes will retain the stiffness longer.

During the summer months there are always daintily colored lawns, dimities and muslins that require careful washing if you wish them to retain their beauty. The good housekeeper never entirely entrusts these things to her help at home, or a laundress abroad, but has it done under her personal supervision. If the following method is followed, the garments will come forth from the cleansing process clean and unfaded. Heat a quantity of soft water until it is lukewarm—hot water is likely to injure the colors. Dissolve enough of a good washing powder in the water to make a good suds, put the dresses in this, wash until clean, then rinse in clear water. Have ready a large pan filled with starch that is slightly tinged with blue. Put the dresses in the starch, rubbing it into all parts alike, wring them out and hang them in the shade to dry. They should be handled rapidly until the entire process is completed. Black lawn is washed in the same way except that the starch is deeply blue. All starched articles should be removed from the line as soon as they are dry, or the wind will make them limp again.—E. J. C.

Satisfaction Starch.—To four heaping tablespoonfuls of starch add two heaping tablespoonfuls of good clean salt and a generous lump of lard or butter. Mix well in cold water and be sure your teakettle is at least half full of rapidly boiling water. When you are ready to starch add the hot water. It is not necessary to cook this starch on the stove. Stir it almost constantly and use as soon as you can bear your hands in it. Add cold water if it is too thick.—R. Q. H.

Starching Collars and Cuffs.—If any one has trouble with starch sticking in ironing "cold-starched" articles, try the following: Use the proportion of starch and water called for on the package but instead of lukewarm water use water as hot as one's hand can comfortably bear. Add a drop or two of bluing and starch at once. Have irons and blanket perfectly clean. Iron first between a piece of muslin, then finish directly on the linen with a moderately hot iron. When ironed dry, but while still warm, fold the pieces and bend to required shape. They will be as stiff and white as when new.—L. H.

Fine Shirts.—Sprinkle shirts over night and fold as other clothes. In the morning make the starch. For one shirt, dissolve one tablespoonful of common starch in half a pint of warm water (not hot.) Add a teaspoonful of kerosene. Stir well, fold the bosom together and dip the wrong side in the starch until thoroughly permeated, and wring lightly. Starch the wristbands the same. Roll the garment loosely, let it remain about fifteen minutes, then iron. Before ironing, pour a teaspoonful of kerosene on brown paper or newspaper; on this rub the iron well, particularly the edges; then iron the starched articles with an iron not too hot, and it will neither stick nor soil, but will give the linen a fine glossy appearance. An advantage of using starch this way is that all that is left over may be put back in the starch box, thus wasting none.—Mrs. N. P. A.

The Irons.—When flatirons become rough or smoky, put fine salt on a board, and iron it until the trouble is removed, then rub them with a bit of beeswax tied in a cloth. When the ironing is finished, rub the irons with a cloth dipped in

kerosene, before putting them away.—K.

Miscellaneous Ironing.—Fold sheets crosswise through the center; then fold once more the same way, having the wide hem, or top outside, and, iron only the upper fourths. It saves time and is more, hygienic, as ironing takes the ozone out of clean clothing. Never iron knit underwear, as it is not only more healthful unironed, but wears longer.—A. H. B.

The Care of Table Linen

Points on Choosing, Laundrying and Mending

Every good housekeeper delights in nice linens for her table. The heavy damask ones are really cheaper in the end, as they wear longer besides looking much better than lighter ones. The thinner cloths can be starched ever so little, thereby giving the appearance of heavier weight. This must be done carefully, for a stiffly starched tablecloth is unsightly to say the least.

In buying table linens it is well to remember that a check pattern in plain or elaborate blocks, with warp and woof running straight across both ways is a better bargain than a floral or curved pattern that costs the same; for the check pattern is more easily manufactured, and, in consequence, a better quality of linen is put into cloth of this design than into fancy patterns at the same price.

Table linen should be mended according to the weave of the cloth. The strips left over after evening off the cloth should be laid away for this purpose, since the threads raveled from these strips are the very thing for strengthening weak places in old tablecloths. When they have gone beyond this remedy, they can be cut up into tray cloths, carver's cloths, fruit napkins, or bibs. The French method of hemming by folding the hem backward and stitching over and over is the best to employ. It is easier to do than plain hemming, and when nicely done, it is almost invisible.

Table linens should receive the best of care, yet often beautiful damask is spoiled long before it has begun to show wear. Carelessness in folding is, in part, accountable for this; neglected fruit or other stains and bad laundrying are other causes.

Washing Table Linen

Many housekeepers take a great deal of pride in possessing handsome table linen. Embroidered doilies, centerpieces and carving cloths are fashionable pieces of fancy work, and many of them are so handsome that they should receive the care necessary to preserve their beauty. If the cloth has been stained the stained portion should be placed over a basin and boiling water poured through it as soon as the table is cleared. Or if a little salt and a few drops of lemon juice are put on it while still fresh and the linen put in the sunshine an hour or two, all traces of the stain will disappear.

Table linen should not be used long enough to become badly soiled, as the hard rubbing necessary to get it clean is destructive to its beauty. Make a good lather of soft water and some good soap, and wash it between the hands,—never on the wash board. Rinse through two waters with a little bluing in the second. If any starch is thought necessary make it very thin. Hang linen where the wind will not whip it out, and iron it while it is quite damp. Embroidered linens should be ironed on the wrong side to make the pattern show to the best advantage. In putting away table or bed linen not in constant use, it should be wrapped in dark-blue paper to prevent its turning yellow. This applies to all white goods which is likely to turn yellow when laid away. Be sure it is thoroughly dry before putting in the linen closet.—E. J. C.

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Motherland

EDITED BY VICTORIA WELLMAN

All questions relating to this department should be addressed to Mrs. Wellman in care of Vick's Magazine. In letters requiring a personal answer enclose a stamp for reply.

"If we knew the baby fingers, pressed against the window-pane, Would be cold and still tomorrow, never trouble us again; Would the bright eyes of our darling catch the frown upon our brow? Would the prints of rosy fingers vex us then as they do now?"

Some Thoughts.

Contentment is the wisdom of the poor, the illusion of the rich. Why are we discontented? All of us have some thorns known only to ourselves which we rashly use to afflict our own lives and mayhap others. With some 'tis a "might have been," with others a "has been." Some own quantities of dainty silver and have no time or heart either to polish or use it and others sigh to possess the wherewithal to lay a refined table even for extra occasions. The soul of a genius is daily vexed by sight of some idler to whom no talent seems to be given, who is wasting hours whilst he, toiling faithfully on the tread-mill, can never relax until night brings sleep for aching limbs but no time for the culture of mind or home ties. An ardent, earnest girl fails to find an avenue for a better education because she must be true to the old folks, and is stung to discover all the old school friends leave her far behind. The farmer's boy or girl believes he or she must leave the country school at an early period to attain any education whatever and parents go to some trouble to enter such in a nearby town or city. The hard pressed parents of the poor or middle classes in cities, grimly aware of all the ways their children are cheated, are not in love with crowded public schools with their quota of irritable or mischievous children, always too many for the one nerve-worn teacher, and the dangers of city "gangs" of young hoodlums, the endless "don'ts" which check the child who has really no place to play are items of daily consideration. "If only we could move to the country" sighs the mother of this class. "If only we could move to the city," laments the country mother.

The clam is a very contented creature but it remains a clam for all time. In fact, it is possible to be too contented in some matters quite as much as too discontented in others. There is a noble discontent and it is not a purely selfish emotion but a principal cause of growth to betterment. In merely material things we may well seek to be content, but in moral or mental matters discontent may be a guide.

The discontent of mothers whose lives are framed into a country setting may be cured or modified by an active test of the hardships endured by those dear souls who crave ideal motherhood and are shut in by the artificial restraints of cities. If you would but use your true freedom, happy mothers in country homes, you would be less blind to your God-given advantages in rearing a family to noble aims and give to the world geniuses, heroes, artists, poets and statesmen—whose memories would recall you, the queens of those farm homes, with endless reverence and longing.

Seedtime.

We are so unconscious of how or when we influence others; so often we sow heartsease amongst thistles yet never know it, for we are blind even to invisible dangers which daily threaten yet do not befall, and blindly we act as sowers of

seed which may result in a life-long curse or blessing. To illustrate; a worthy country woman once loaned me while on a quiet visit near her home in my honeymoon days, a heavy volume on domestic matters named "The Complete Home." That it, like her Bible, was a rarely used book lying in state in a parlor too commonly kept closed and darkened, I could clearly see, but it was manna to my ignorant girlish soul. To the influence of that book I owe much of my success in housewife lore, my ideal of what a wife and mother should be; but she, poor soul, never read that book and led a hard fretful life, seeking good afar from the doorstep of her home. Again, a certain writer possesses a vein of humor and charm which make her books for girls a lure to goodness. One girl, led by the quaint sweetness of these books, became her true self, casting off her past sullen obstinacy and false pride. Due to her a group of girls were more or less affected and became a creditable proof of the good done by one strong character which clings to lofty ideals.

The silent influences of good books—not "goody-goody" ones—for our young folks, books chosen with tact and consideration for the reader, not forced on them like a dose nor loudly commended in place of some literature of yellow hue, dear mothers, do not underestimate this power. Your own words may be forgotten and the truth given in some apt manner by book or picture, will live.

Young Mothers.

The Care of the Baby in Hot Weather.

Learn to consider all household of less importance than Health—both your own and the Baby's. To sponge off the little heated body at a regular hour each night, to robe him with fitting coolness, to lay him in his own sweetly clean little bed in a quieted frame of mind, saves time, saves your nerves; for baby learns mother's methods without much friction if begun early enough. Hand massage after morning baths will aid in development of muscles and make baby happy. Do not be less kind to yourself. You ask too much of Mother Nature if you expect to nurse baby while daily overworked and overheated. Try to learn the proper diet for mothers of nurslings so that baby, may have fewer colics, may "grow like a weed," sleep soundly, and you may remain fat and healthy, not becoming a stooped-over, thin, nervous wreck. By proper diet alone I nursed my seventh child, who was above the average in size and plumpness, for a year, and gained fifteen pounds during the first six months myself.

Remember to take advantage of the heat of which babies require so much but which in excess is so deadly to them, to return to Nature as to dress. Let baby wear very little and have a daily sun and air bath, just before his water bath if possible, each day. While avoiding extremes and damp days, keep legs and feet bare unless much colic prove it does not agree in his case, in which event clothe in thin gauze merino for hose, bands and shirts.

Never overfeed baby. In hot weather be even more carefully regular as to hours and give smaller meals. Above all, give plenty of cool boiled water at intervals. Never mind if he kicks, protests, strangles, etc., and do not declare "he hates water." You are a mother, nurse,

(Continued on page 33)

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by Millions of Mothers for their children while Teething for over Fifty Years. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A BOTTLE.

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GIRLS AFFAIRS

As Presented by a Maiden of the Quaker City



DEAR JESS:

Yes, I received your mesage with a sly dig from Elsie that you, yourself, would have forgotten what it was about before I answered it. Now that is unfair! We Philadelphians do occasionally answer letters in the same mouth in which they are written, as this one will testify.

STATIONERY

How do you like my stationery? I think the pearl gray color, with the deeper gray lining to the envelope, is lovely. This saves "lining" your letter, too, with an extra sheet to keep the letters from showing through. Soon, though, I'm expecting colors will be blended and contrasted in stationery as they are in hats. How will that suit your prim notions as to only pure white stationery being in good taste? Wait till I send you an emerald with a lining of pink?

The monograms on the new stationery are no longer intertwined, like reptiles, but the letters run slantwise down toward the center of the sheet. I like them embossed in white rather than done in gold or silver, and so, I am sure, would you.

TATTING AND CROCHET

The hats and collars they are wearing this spring remind me of the old tating our grandmothers were so expert in. Hat frames are covered with this real handmade tating. Could you ever have the patience to do enough of it for a frame? Well this quaint old tating and Irish crochet lace are used for hats more than any other kind of lace. I've bought one of the wicked-looking little black tating shuttles and am trying to learn how to make the designs.

INITIAL MARKING

Another fancy that I waste my time on is to try and mark all my white belongings with embroidered initials. I was very industrious and conscientious and preserving for awhile, then the work seemed to take so long that I tried a short cut. You know an embroidered initial never wears out; the cloth just wears from around it. So, as I have some lovely old handkerchiefs and towels, etc. with beautiful initials on them, I just took some sharp scissors and cut neatly all around them, leaving an edge to turn under. These I basted on the article to be embroidered and then sewed them on firmly and invisibly, after turning the edges under.

You would be surprised to see how real looking this "initial applique" is. And it saves so much time!

COMPLEXION CLEARERS

Every time my brother Ned finds some kind of an article on my dressing table that he cannot classify, he calls it a "complexion clearer." But I've about given up all that nonsense. One good simple thing that I've tried I must tell you about. It's just about a tablespoonful of cornmeal stirred up in a glass of water and allowed to settle. Then you drink off the water. I've been "indulging in festivities" of this sort, as Ned says, three times a day lately and it's toned me up in several ways. I do really think I'm getting a decent complexion, too! You will not know me the next time you see me!

Then I use pure and unadulterated sweet cream, skimmed fresh from the pans, for my skin when it gets roughened. It's better than any of the made-up drug store articles. I use it only at night, of course.

We were out boating one day lately and my shoulders were pretty badly sunburned through a thin yoke. Again I tried a home-made remedy: Irish potatoes scraped up fine and juicy and applied on

a bit of linen. It felt so cool and nice, and it was a quick cure also!

BUTTONS

Did you ever embroider any buttons for your cloth suits? Well I have tried that, too! It's very fascinating work,—until you get tired of it. I have a set of embroidered pansy buttons for a light grey suit that is much admired. I have been wondering if I could not get up some creditable white ones for my wash dresses this summer. How sweet green clover-leaves would look on a white dress! But I haven't seen any such buttons on white wash dresses, so instead of being original I'll wait for some one else to start the ball, or the button, rolling.

ELBOW SLEEVES

Oh, yes, you'll have to wear them, whether you like them or not, but I hope I'll never see you with the horrid wrinkled black satin cuffs mismatching a filmy white dress! Get long white gloves or else make yourself some pretty, embroidered long cuffs.

I like to see a silk or cloth gown of a dark shade having these long white cuffs of embroidery or insertion, with a chemisette to match. They're as sweet as can be.

Well, I commend you on the other two or three topics which Elsie passed along to inquire of Nell Richardson in Chicago. She'll probably have the latest about them on the tip of her tongue.

Faithfully yours,
NETTIE.

Motherland

(Continued from page 32)

and caretaker, wiser of the two we hope: for if you depend on baby's "taste" you will find him later on an epicure indeed, devouring bugs, pins, buttons and dirt with gusto.

Give him fresh air, and exercise. If you are busy and he "will not stay—put" on a large square rug on the grass, and you realize the confinement of a go-cart (even in motion), invest in one of those grand good inventions, which tho' meant for a benefit to baby are a mother's blessing, giving happy assurance of safety while obtaining those twin boons, air and exercise.

Bottle babies are pitiful on sentimental grounds but are far better treated than those nurslings whom mother's or father's ignorance dooms to depend on a food rendered nearly unfit for use by the drain of emotions, overwork, nervous strain, etc. Do not leave baby asleep in a carriage in the sun with the parasol pulled down. This shuts out the air more than the heat, and if in addition you foolishly use feather pillows you will find him red-faced, sweaty, cross, and often a teething baby will become sick from such usage.

Babies grow like lusty flowers in hot weather if—if good sense rules in their daily care. Be careful as to how and as to what you feed baby during entire first year, and with other things equal he will advertise you as the best of mothers.

Our Guarantee to Vick Subscribers.

It is not our intention to admit to the columns of VICK'S MAGAZINE any advertising that is not entirely trustworthy and we will make good to actual paid in advance cash subscribers, any loss sustained by patronizing Vick advertisers who prove to be deliberate frauds, provided this magazine is mentioned when writing advertisers and complaint is made to us within twenty days of the transaction.

We will not attempt to settle disputes between subscribers and reputable advertisers nor will we assume any responsibility for losses resulting from honest bankruptcy. We intend to protect our subscribers from frauds and fakirs and will appreciate it if our readers will report any crooked or unfair dealing on the part of any advertiser in VICK'S.

LET ME TELL YOUR FORTUNE FREE

Write me to-day, Dear Reader and let me tell you what the future has in store for you. Let me open the book of Destiny and help you over some of the hard places of life, by showing you how to take advantage of the good fortune that is always ready to help you if you only know when and how to act.

How can I do this? By the grand old science of Astrology which is acknowledged by all thinking men, as the only reliable way to foretell the future. By a system of Astrology different from that of any other Astrologer, living or dead.

Simply send me your full name, sex, day, month and year of birth, tell me if you are married or single, enclose a two cent stamp for return postage and I will send you by return mail, a Horoscope or Astrological reading of your life free of charge. I will also send you my interesting little booklet, "Know Thy Future" and both will be sent to you sealed and confidential.

I am an Astrologer and for many years I have forecasted the future of thousands of delighted patrons all over the world. It was to show what my system of Astrology really means, and to prove my power to aid and assist humanity, that I began, many years ago sending trial Horoscopes to all persons interested enough in their future to write me.

I have drawers filled with letters from grateful patrons, letters which I hold sacredly confidential, letters telling me of **success in love and marriage**; also many sad letters regretting that my advice had not been asked years ago.

Told the Future True

WINTHROP, ME.
"In 1901 you cast my Horoscope and not only told me what was true of myself then but of events that have since happened."
CAROLYN WILKINS.

My Advice Brought Money.

CHARLEMONT, ONT.
In my Life Horoscope you advised me to take a journey; that something would occur to my lasting benefit and happiness on account of the same, it would mean a fortunate change. I acted upon your advice, passed my examinations and am now in a position to earn from \$80 to \$100 per month.
Very truly yours,
BENJ. H. ROBINSON.



Carolyn E. Wilkins



B. H. Robinson

Positively No Letters Published Without Permission.

Life is not all **luck**, as many would have you believe. Those who crowd to the front are those who **understand themselves** and their possibilities thoroughly. No guess work; no waiting to see what may turn up.

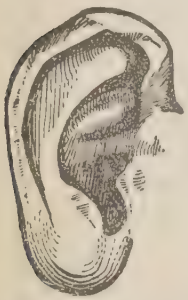
All I ask is a **chance** to prove my **wonderful power** and to show you clearly what the future has in store for you. The knowledge of the future that I can give you, will aid you in getting pleasant and profitable employment, it will tell you if there is a likelihood of a legacy coming to you, it will show your **lucky days and years** for speculation and business, it will help you in **love affairs**, it may save you from sickness and accidents, it will enable you to plan for the journeys you are to make. Is not all of this of untold value? And all I ask of you is to write to me **to-day**; do not put it off till **to-morrow** for the sooner you get my free reading the more good it will do you.

Do not shut your eyes and shake your head and say "impossible." **Remember I do not ask any money.** I will prove my power **free**. No one else has tried so hard to remove doubt as I. My offer is **open, fair and frank**. Do not believe a word I say until I have shown you what I can do; but it is only fair to give me the chance to prove this claim. Simply send me your date of birth, full name, sex, if married or single and a two cent stamp for return postage, and the free reading that I will send you, will mystify you as to how I can tell such truths.

PROF. EDISON, 13 U St., Binghamton, N.Y.

HEAD NOISES

How To Cure Buzzing Ringing Sounds in the Ears



Do you have buzzing, ringing noises in your head and ears? Is there a snapping in your ears when you blow your nose? Then you have Catarrh in your ear passages, and your Eustachian Tubes—the passages from the throat to the ears—are closing up. You may have no discharge from the nose or throat, but the disease is reaching the delicate inner parts of the ear. Those irritating noises show how dangerous the trouble is becoming. As they grow worse

they sometimes worry people into nervous prostration and insanity. There's one thing certain—Head and Ear noises are often the forerunners of loss of hearing. Neglect the trouble in your ear passages and deafness is too likely to result.

Get rid of your head noises now and forever. They can be cured. Write today to Deafness Specialist Sproule, the famous authority on ear troubles. He will give you

Medical Advice Free

on this trouble. It's just the help you need. He'll tell you without any charge whatever how to drive away the noises and have clear, distinct, perfect hearing. Answer the questions, yes or no, write your name and address plainly on the dotted lines, cut out the Free Medical Advice Coupon and mail it at once to Deafness Specialist Sproule, 16 Trade Building, Boston.

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Do your ears throb?
Do your ears feel full?
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Is the sound sometimes a ringing one?
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Do your ears crack when you blow your nose?

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June in the Flower Garden

(Continued from page 25)

of one month each. In this way a succession of the flowers can be had from about July fifteenth until the tops are cut down by frost. The last planting will give many fine and perfect flowers for September. Dahlias are easily rooted from cuttings; from a single tuber started early in the season a number of good bushes may be secured for later bloom.

Some Good Porch Plants

Sometimes the vines used to screen a porch cluster over it so thickly that the shade is too dense for all plants to thrive there in summer. The palms and ferns, however, are shade-loving; so are the fuchsias, rex begonias and a number of other plants that have wintered in the home sitting-room.

But it is on the sunny porch, only partially draped with vines, that fine specimen plants appear best. Every one who has ever studied this subject closely will think at once of hydrangeas, —Otaska, Thomas Hogg, Hortensia and others. These are indeed model porch plants; symmetrical, compact, profuse-flowering, half-hardy, beautiful for a long season. But they have such a pronounced individuality that there is danger of tiring of them, or repeating the striking effect they produce too often. We live on our porches in summer and any enlivening change in their furniture is always appreciated.

Some of the most striking plants for house culture, if kept half dormant in winter, make a grand show of flowers in early spring, just as we begin to migrate porch-ward in the evenings. I bethink me of a cottage porch partially shaded with clematis, whereon a dazzling display of Amaryllis Johnsoni used to appear in April. For a month or more they were a joy to passers-by as well as to the inmates of the house. On another house porch a lobster cactus that had slept all winter waked up to give a "shower" of pink blossoms from its claws in April and May. Phyllocactus Ackermani has often opened its great semi-double scarlet flowers about this same time.

The Summer Care of House Plants

It is rather hard on the tender foliage plants that have been coddled all winter to be turned outside to "fend for themselves" through all sorts of weather conditions until fall. The porch is their first resort after house-cleaning time, and here they frequently stay all summer. The farm-house porch has often an improvised railing of flower-boxes and benches. Where the shadow of vines is not too dense and sunshine and showers can both reach the plants, the idea is a good one. Of course, the same judgment must be used in placing the plants that is necessary in housing them for the winter. Heliotropes, geraniums and kindred flowers need the sunny places; fuchsias, begonias and palms the shaded ones.

Palms, dracenas and similar foliage plants are frequently placed outdoors in full sunshine as soon as danger of frost is over, with the result that their leaves soon become blistered and unsightly. It is better to choose for them the shifting light and shadow of some tree—or shrub-shaded border and plunge the pots to the rims in soil.

The slat-house, or lath screen is a structure easily and cheaply built, where all sorts of house plants, except the sun-loving ones, can be summered with little care. All that is needed for it is four stout posts and several bundles of laths which cost about forty cents a bundle. The structure should be left open on one side and be tall enough to allow the plants room for considerable growth through the summer.

Sun-loving plants can be either plunged or bedded out in some sunny place in the yard and will make a fine growth before autumn. Heliotropes make fine bushes when treated in this way. It is better to keep the plants that are to flower in winter disbudded through summer and to merely plunge their pots in soil, unless the owner is an expert in

careful lifting in autumn. Calla lillies that have bloomed through winter need a summer rest, such as turning the pots on their sides in some out of the way place will give.

The Calendar of June Reminders

Cut your roses and sweet peas lavishly; it is good for the plants as well as for your friends.

Summer mulches are of great value in retaining moisture about plants' roots. Miss Bennett's article on this subject is timely and practical.

Water your plants after sundown, that they may have all the night to devote to refreshment and absorption of it. If applied in the morning the sun quickly robs them of it; if applied while the sun is shining brightly the wet foliage is apt to become scalded.

Gladioli and some of the other important summer-flowering bulbs may yet be planted in relays every two weeks till the first of July. Bulbs planted now will give blossoms after those of the first plantings have faded.

Pinch out the tips of some of the hardy phlox clusters. Instead of immense flower clusters early, you will then have smaller and more graceful ones later, after the flowers of the unmolested plants have faded.

Tender azaleas and other window shrubs will summer nicely in half-shaded places outdoors if their pots are plunged in the earth, or covered with a heavy mulch. A bed of cinders or ashes directly underneath the pots keeps worms from working up into them. In times of drouth they will need a generous allowance of water, if they are to make good buds for winter flowers.

The most important work of the month is the necessary thinning, weeding, cultivating and watering. If flowers are not cut lavishly then seed-pods must be. There is truth in the saying that the best watering pot is a rake, for soil kept mellow and loose by cultivation retains moisture much longer than one allowed to crust over after heavy rains or waterings.

The Ladies' Aid Society

We've put some fine improvements on the good old church at home, It's just the latest kilter, with a gallery and dome; It seats a thousand people—finest church in all the town, And when it was completed we planked ten thousand down; That is, we paid five thousand—every deacon did his best— And the Ladies' Aid society, it promised all the rest.

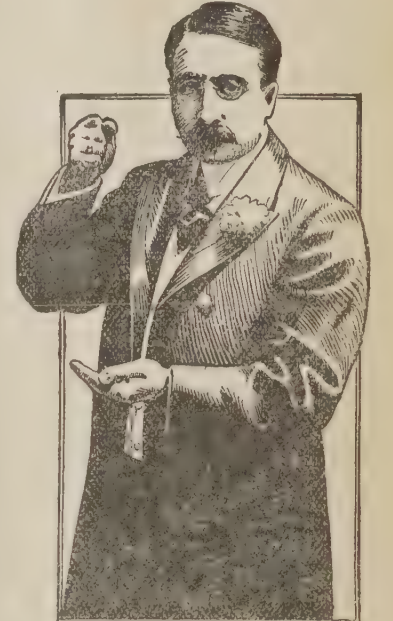
We've got an organ in the church—very finest in the land, It's got a thousand pipes or more, its melody is grand; And when we sit on cushioned pews and hear the master play, It carries us to realms of bliss unnumbered miles away. It cost a cool three thousand, and it's stood the hardest test; We'll pay a thousand on it—the Ladies' Aid the rest.

They'll give a hundred sociables, cantatas, too, and teas; They'll bake a thousand angel cakes, and tons of cream they'll freeze. They'll beg and scrape and toil and sweat for seven years or more, And then they'll start all over for a carpet for the floor No, it isn't just like digging out the money from your vest, When the Ladies' Aid gets busy and says, "We'll pay the rest."

Of course, we're proud of our big church, from pulpit up to spire; It is the darling of our eyes, the crown of our desire, But when I see the sisters work to raise the cash that lacks, I somehow feel the church is built on women's tired backs. And sometimes I can't help thinking when we reach the regions blest, That men will get the toil and sweat, and the Ladies' Aid "the rest."

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We unhesitatingly recommend it to our many readers for their early vegetables, house plants, kitchen gardens, rose bushes, strawberries, and to all those that wish to beautify their lawns, and shrubbery.

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Some Effects to be Studied in Shopping and Dressmaking

To Give the Effect of Height

To look her tallest at all times, the tiny woman should remember some simple general rules.

High heels are a mistake; the cut and length of the skirt are the most important.

The best materials to give height are either plain ones or those with a tiny stripe running lengthwise. Very full skirts and baggy sleeves are fatal to the short woman.

A very small hat is a mistake, giving an idea of insignificance; and a large one is no better, making the small wearer appear all hat. Safety lies in the medium size, trimmed in a quiet, unostentatious fashion.

To Carry Height Gracefully

Many women have a natural inclination to stoop, evidently in order to appear less tall. As a matter of fact, the tall woman who stoops when standing or walking with a shorter person does not take the fraction of an inch off her height. On the contrary, she emphasizes her inches and makes herself look awkward.

It is necessary that a tall woman should learn not to be conscious of her height. She may carry it proudly in a graceful, unconscious way that will not make it conspicuous and will make other people forget it. High heels and hat effects are not best for her of course. Neither are stripes and long panel effects. Ruffles she may indulge in to her heart's content, and she may trim her gowns much more elaborately than her shorter sisters. Wide hats and sweeping plumes become her and also voluminous drapery or wraps.

How Dress May Subdue Shortness

White makes a woman look innocent, winsome and classic. "The woman in white" is usually attractive, if she is even ordinarily good-looking. Clear white is for the blonde, cream white for the brunette.

"Black suits the fair," a poet tells us. It is the "thinnest" color a stout woman can wear; indeed, the woman who wears black to best advantage is she who is stout and has black eyes and black hair. It is well known that in gowns of certain colors flesh seems to shrink; in others to expand.

A subdued shade of blue, heliotrope and olive green, with black, of course, are the colors under which flesh seems less ostentatious, while wedgewood blue, pale gray and almost any shade of red are to be avoided. Mauve and the higher shades of green are the two colors that in decoration about the throat and shoulders are especially helpful in diminishing the effect of flesh.

Toilet Hints

The Care of the Hands

To the woman who must do her own work the condition of her hands gives usually a great deal of worry. I have found that if, after washing with soap, the hands are rinsed with good vinegar they will remain soft and smooth. If they have become badly chapped vinegar should be rubbed into the skin and allowed to dry. This will bring almost immediate relief.—H. B. A.

A Simple Way to Clean the Hair

Rub powdered orris-root into the hair and on the scalp. This is best done at night. Next day give it a thorough combing and brushing, and the hair will be clean, soft and fluffy. The orris-root is especially good for oily hair.—H. B. A.



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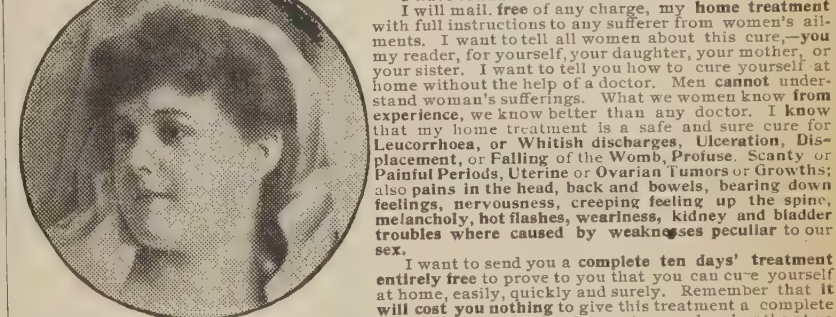
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Poultry

(Continued from page 28)

Rhode Island Red at the same rate, the market value would be a little over forty cents, and the value of the eggs produced would figure up to three dollars, a little better than seven times the market value of the hen.

Except in a special or select market the size of the egg that a hen lays does not cut much figure, and there are a great many poultry keepers who are unable to sell only at regular market price, so as long as this is the case the small hen will have the advantage. It is hoped, however, that the time is not far away when there will be a difference made in the general market value between large and small eggs.

The Minorcas, Light Brahmas and Houdons probably lay the largest eggs of any of the breeds. This is one of the strong points that the Minorca possesses, and they are prolific layers as well. Yet the difference in the size of their eggs and other breeds is not so great when we take into consideration that a Minorca hen is as large as a Plymouth Rock, a pound heavier than a Rhode Island Red hen and a pound and a half heavier than a Houdon hen.

Keep Pure-Bred Poultry

As a rule the farmer at certain seasons has a good many "irons in the fire," therefore can not very well be a specialist. He has his horses, cows and other farm stock to look after, his different crops, etc., and to excel in all these lines would be quite a difficult matter. He may do well in all these branches, including the poultry; many do succeed in each line. But to expect a farmer to carry on these with marked success and breed thoroughbred poultry, such as will conform to the demands of the Standard, is a little more than most of them are likely to do. By this I do not mean that it is impossible for the farmer who keeps his other work up to breed and raise high class poultry. Some of the best flocks of poultry that I have seen were bred and raised on a farm. But just because the farmer has many other things to take his attention is no reason why he should raise nothing but mongrels as a great many of them do. The opinion some have that a pure-bred fowl requires more careful management than a mongrel is a false one. A pure-bred fowl is not necessarily a fancy fine bred show bird. But a good laying strain of pure-bred fowls will discount a mongrel flock every time for eggs and uniform market stock. Up-to-date farmers are commencing to realize this as a fact and getting into them more and more every year.

To sum up the whole matter, there is money in good poultry properly cared for any way you may figure it, but the amount you can get out of it depends entirely on how much time and work you are willing to devote to it.

Raising poultry for eggs has become a strong feature on the farm, and I earnestly advise farmers who have been keeping a mixed-up lot of fowls in a hap-hazard sort of manner to give more attention to grading up the flock, and housing, feeding and caring for them so as to get a clean profit from them the same as you would from a dairy or other branch of farming.

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Feeding and Caring for Goslings.

Will you please give me best methods of raising goslings, how to feed and handle for best results.—G. E. L., O.

For first twenty-four hours after hatching keep them in a warm, dry place. Goslings grow quite rapidly and soon become hardy. After they are a week old they need no artificial heat, even in quite cold weather. Good results may be had by feeding for the first three days either soaked bread, or one-third corn meal and two-thirds shorts; feed cold and never have food the least sloppy. Feed often, at least every two hours. Some give only tender grass the first day, then give scalded cracked corn from that time on, but very lightly at first. Until a week old, keep them in a small enclosure which can be moved every day. Then let them go and when three or four weeks old, if the weather

is favorable, they will do best if they have a wide range. A diet of three-fourths shorts and one-fourth corn meal mixed with water and pressed out quite dry, fed twice a day with the grass, will keep them growing nicely.

If you wish to fatten them, give more meal and less shorts, and add some beef scraps, gradually increasing the beef scraps and meat until the shorts are discontinued entirely. Ten per cent beef scraps and ninety per cent meal is about right after they are well started.

Do not allow goslings to go to the water until well feathered, and then only those intended for breeding.

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123 We can safely recommend The Pure Food Co. as being a thoroughly reliable and responsible firm.—EDITOR.

A Tangled Web

(Continued from page 9)

"You are not a lady yet," she speaks quickly, but in a firm, decided tone that convinces Patty against her will; "you want education and breeding. You have no manners whatever; your mind and your body must both be trained before you can even pass as a lady."

Patty pouts unbelievably. "Ah, well, he's quite satisfied with me as I am."

"What is this gentleman? What does he do—anything?" Miss Coppock feels on vantage-ground now that Patty has gone back to her own condition.

"Mr. Whitmore told me this morning, he was an artist; he paints pictures." She looks quickly at the dressmaker, and she sees Miss Patience's lip curling. "He may have property besides for what I know, but I don't think he's rich."

"Ah!" says Miss Coppock.

"What do you mean!" says Patty, angrily. "There's no use in sighing and groaning; it's much the best to speak your mind. I want you to tell me plainly what you think."

Miss Coppock hesitates to say what is in her mind; it is a risk, but then the prize to be gained is worth it, and certainly she will only be fulfilling her pledge to Roger Westropp, in preventing his daughter from throwing herself on a poor artist.

"About Mr. Whitmore?" Patty nodded.

"If I'm really to say what I think, I don't trust this Mr. Whitmore. He admires you and I've no doubt he finds it very pleasant to visit you and flirt with you. But now listen, Patty, artists are always poor, always extravagant. I haven't the least doubt that Mr. Whitmore has heard of your good fortune by this time. Perhaps your money will make him ask you to be his wife. Of course, if you choose to accept his offer and marry him, you will in one way please yourself; but what follows? You say Mr. Whitmore is satisfied with you as you are; then I'm sure you'll rest content too, for a time; you'll hand him over your fortune and he'll spend it for you. It sounds immense to you, Patty, but he'll not find it so. So far so well; but when the money's all spent—mind you, Patty, an artist never lays by against a rainy day—what happens? There you are in a poor struggling home, with perhaps a family. Why you're better off here, Patty, with only your father to work for. Are you sure you love Mr. Whitmore well enough to run this risk?"

Patty stands thinking; her bright flush has faded.

"The same thing might happen if I married any one," she says slowly.

"And it will happen, my dear, if you marry any one who has only his wits to live on; don't you see that he will be glad to let them rest, and live on your money instead of working?"

"Well, and why not? there's enough."

"No, child, there is not enough for wealth; there is just enough to make you see what can be done with money, and to make you long and pine for more. But, Patty, you have as good a prospect of real wealth as anyone I ever heard of. Set to work at once and make a lady of yourself; I can help you. In a few months, if you try with all your might, you will be quite changed; then, when you are no longer afraid of showing yourself among people anywhere, with your face and the means you have of making a good show you must marry some one with money too—who you like, in fact, but you must not marry a poor man, Patty. You want to get into good society, I suppose?"

"I want to know grand people, and go among fine company," says Patty, sulkily; it seems to her that ambition is not so pleasant, after all, if she has to pay a price for its gratification.

"Exactly; well then,"—Miss Coppock is at her blandest,—"well then, you must do as society does. Well-bred people don't make love matches, Patty; follies of that kind go on in villages and among the lower classes. You mustn't believe all the nonsense you read in story-books, child; that's just made up to amuse, and it amuses people all the more because it's such a contrast to what really happens."

CHAPTER XIV

PAUL TRIES TO MAKE UP HIS MIND

On the same day on which Will had declared his love, and Patty had found herself an heiress, Paul Whitmore had left Roger Westropp's cottage sorely against his will. But Patty had insisted on his going away. Her father might come in any time from the Rectory, and she did not want to run the risk she had run on the previous evening.

Paul had gone down ostensibly to paint her portrait; but he had not even taken a brush from his case this morning. His infatuation had got to its height; and when he left the cottage, it seemed to him that he could not live out the hours till next morning. When he reached the end of Carving's Wood Lane, he avoided "The Bladebone," and crossing into the road leading to the station he found a green lane on the left, one of those grassy sequestered rides which seem made for either solitude or love.

He strolled on, his head bent, his hat slouched over his eyes, at first in a frenzy of impatience, and then, as his senses cleared, with a determined purpose to make Patty his at any sacrifice.

Sacrifice! What nonsense! By the time Patty had been his wife a year, no one would guess her origin. There was nothing unrefined or vulgar about her; she was as simple as a wild flower.

He lay down at the foot of a tree and gave himself up to the thought of Patty. After a while he rose up, went back to "The Bladebone," and had his dinner. If he had been less absorbed, he must have noticed a change in the conduct of his landlady. She sent the maid in to wait on him, and when he came into the garden to smoke she kept studiously out of sight.

Mrs. Fagg had remarked that each time her lodger went out he went in the direction of Carving's Wood Lane; and this morning Bobby, the luckless cause of so much woe to Nuna Beaufort, had been down to the common to play among the gorse, and had seen the "parlor tustomer," as he called him, talking to Patty in front of Roger's cottage. Mrs.

Fagg was a woman of severe virtue, and she did not know how to act. There was no use in speaking to Dennis; he would only make her angry by some nonsense about Patty's prettiness.

"I've almost a mind to speak to the Rector," she said.

But though she had a way of speaking her mind boldly and plainly, Mrs. Fagg was not a mischief-maker, and she shrank from denouncing Patty to Mr. Beaufort.

But without any action on her part, a way to do this so soon presented itself that she would have been more—or less—than a woman to forego the opportunity. The Rector appeared at "The Bladebone" with an errand for Dennis. Dennis was absent. Then he inquired for Mr. Whitmore, and asked Mrs. Fagg to call him.

"I can't do that,"—Mrs. Fagg looked grim,—"he's not in yet; but if you'll please to wait, he surely must be in soon. I should say his stomach 'ud bring him; he was out by eight, and he scarce touched a morsel of breakfast."

"He goes out sketching, I suppose. Yes, I'll wait; I should like to see what he is making of our neighbourhood. I fancy he's a very clever artist, Mrs. Fagg."

"Is he, sir?" She paused, and then she said sharply, "But I don't think he'll show you his sketch, sir, for all that."

Mr. Beaufort stared. "He keeps his drawings out of sight, does he? Well, I rather like that; modesty is not a frequent fault of the rising generation."

"I should think not, sir, indeed. So far as gals go, there's as much brass in 'em as in any of them as lies on the chancel pavement; but it wasn't for his modesty that I said the gentleman wouldn't care to show his drawing, though in another sense perhaps it was."

"Dear me! what is she driving at?" Then aloud, "I don't follow you; do you mean that it is from me especially Mr. Whitmore would hide his sketches?"



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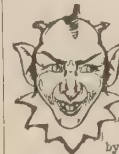
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Mrs. Fagg shook her head; "Or what do you mean?"

The question was put impatiently; he thought Mrs. Fagg ought not to speak to her pastor in riddles.

"Well, then, sir, suppose instead of waiting here till the gentleman comes in to eat that blessed duck—which 'u l be more fit for a pig's food than a Christian's if it's to be kept much longer—you just walk down Carving's Wood Lane; I've a notion you'll be nearer the mark than you would be by waiting here another hour."

But Mr. Beaufort was slow of perception.

"Oh! he sketches in that direction, does he? Very well, I want a little walk. Good day, Mrs. Fagg."

The landlady stood looking after him with a very satirical smile.

"I'm too hard on Dennis oft," she said, "when I call him thickhead. There's Mr. Beaufort, crammed full of Latin and Greek, and the wisdom that's said to go along with 'em, and yet his brains is in such a fog they cant' see a torch when it's shown 'em."

Meantime Paul was struggling with his scruples. A vision of his mother had come back to him. Was she praying for her son at that moment? He felt, with a sudden keen conviction, that Patty was not the wife she would have wished him to choose.

He knocked the ashes out of his pipe, put it in its case, and walked moodily up and down the long narrow garden.

"I believe mothers never do like their sons' wives," he said at last; "and my darling mother warned me not to marry a gifted woman like herself. I could never find one like her," he said reverently. In that brief moment Patty's image faded.

He thought of what his friends would say.

"Stephen will laugh, no doubt, but then Stephen and I hold different creeds about women. Poor fellow, he lost his mother before he knew what her society was worth, and I'm afraid he doesn't allow women any souls. I'd not tell him a word about Patty if I were to find him in the parlour when I go back there; we should quarrel if I did. He would jeer at the idea of marriage at all in such a case, just as if one woman is not as much a human being as another, and entitled to the same amount of respect, though she may claim it differently."

He felt quieter, more virtuous altogether, after he had finished his walk up and down the garden. He began to think he should leave Ashton at once, go back to London, and think the matter over calmly at a safe distance from the cottage.

And in pursuance of this newly-found wisdom Mr. Whitmore determined not to yield to the longing he felt to go down to the cottage again that evening.

"If I am in earnest," he said, "I ought to be very careful not to expose her to her father's suspicions, if not, I am only tormenting myself."

He went through the village, and finding a little sunburnt group playing at "clocks," he sat down and sketched it.

This little incident had done him good, and he went to bed resolved to go down Carving's Wood Lane next morning and say good-bye to Patty before his departure for London.

CHAPTER XV

UNEXPECTED

In spite of her good fortune, Patty's heart was heavy this morning. Through the long wakeful night Miss Coppock's counsel had been the one subject of thought in Patty's busy brain; sometimes love had conquered, and she had resolved to run the threatened risk and to marry Paul if he asked her to be his wife, but the dressmaker's artful suggestion robbed this anticipation of all sweetness and joy.

"He will only ask me because of this money," she thought; and then she turned to seek a cooler place on the pillow for her burning head. "My luck's known all over Ashton by now. I wonder if he is poor and extravagant; she says so."

Each time love was repulsed with a colder, more determined answer, and at last she fell asleep worn out and miserable. She waked later than usual; the

sun had bathed her little mean room in golden light, the whitewashed walls glowed in it.

She gazed earnestly in her little mirror, resting her face between her two pink palms. She looked pale and heavy-eyed, but still she felt that she was beautiful.

"And what shall I be when I come to be well-dressed, with a soft cloud of white lace to set off my complexion, and diamond earrings to make my eyes brighter than they are of themselves, and a lovely necklace on? Why, I might marry a lord, a duke even; why should I throw myself away in such a hurry?"—she drew her long wavy hair through her fingers—"now, too, when I've got no advantage from it all. As Miss Coppock says, think what I may be in a year. Why, she said if I got in good company I might be in the papers as lovely, and distinguished, and all sorts of names women get sometimes; and if I go marrying a nobody now, I shall be lost to everybody, just one man's wife all my life."

"One man's wife!" A soft blush came with the thought. Was there another man like him to be found? For a while the image of Paul conquered.

Her morning duties were strangely distasteful to Patty; she always shrank from spoiling her hands, but milking Peggy seemed this morning a positive and intolerable hardship. Presently she came round to the front of the cottage to gather beans from the scarlet-runner vines.

Paul Whitmore was in the porch when she reached it, and her face clouded.

"Why, what has happened?—you're in trouble, Patty. What is it, my darling?"

But she shrank away from his circling arm, and the gloom on her face deepened.

"Best get it over at once," she thought.

"Why Patty! What's the matter?" Paul laid his hands on her shoulders and looked down into her frowning face.

"Trying to show itself off in a new character is it, the pretty pet?" He kissed her repeatedly before she could struggle from the strong clasp his hands held her shoulders in; but she did free herself at last, with such vehement

energy, that Paul stood still, looking utterly surprised. "Come, come, Patty, what is it? What have I done to vex you?"

"You vex me by doing that," said Patty slowly; "and—and it's better for me you shouldn't come here again, Mr. Whitmore."

Her heart rebelled against every word as she said it, and yet she knew that unless she drove Paul away she must yield to him.

"Not come here! Why not? Patty, do you think I'm not in earnest when I say I love you? Who's been putting nonsense into your head?"

A deep flush rose on Patty's cheeks, but she kept her eyes resolutely away from Paul. "It's not nonsense, and no one put it in my head. I suppose people may change their minds of themselves." She tossed her head; she tried hard to remember that Paul must know all about her good fortune, and that because he did know it he had come to the cottage extra early this morning to make her promise to be his wife, but it was very hard to believe all this while she listened to the deep-drawn breathing that told how her words had moved her lover.

"My darling!" Paul spoke very gently, for it seemed to him he had not acted quite fairly towards this simple girl. "Perhaps you have a right to be vexed with me, my own sweet Patty. I ought sooner to have asked you to be my wife, but I loved you so well that I never thought you would doubt me. You forgive me now, my own darling?"

He tried to take her hand to draw her to him, but she pushed his hand away.

"Don't touch me, sir!" she said angrily. "You've no right to stay here when I keep on saying I don't want you, and you wouldn't dare if father was at home. I don't want to marry you or see you ever again."

Involuntarily she raised her eyes, and then she looked away in fear. There was a tempest in Paul's face; his dark eyes flashed, and his lips trembled with passion.

"Patty! You don't say this of yourself; some one has been here poisoning your mind against me; you could not

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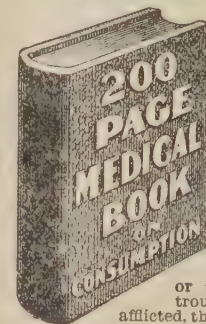
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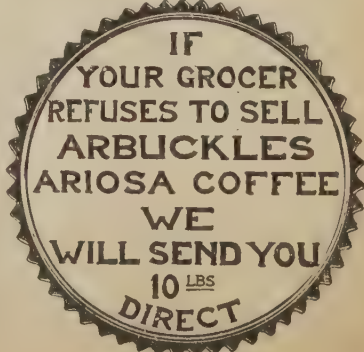
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have changed without some cause. O Patty! have you loved me at all? Did you love me yesterday when you looked so full of love, or have you been deceiving me all through? Look at me—once, only once—and say, if you can, 'Paul, I don't love you.' You can't say it, darling, I know you can't; you are only trying me. Tell me at once that you do love me still."

Patty was sulky; she rebelled against this masterful wooing.

"I can't; and, Mr. Whitmore, I don't think it's like a gentleman to force me to listen to what I don't care for."

Paul let go her hands, and then he fell back against the old porch as if some one had sent him reeling there under a heavy blow.

Patty stood there pale and grave, but she showed no other traces of emotion. A casual observer, ignorant of all that had come and gone between those two, would have said the man looked stern and the girl weary.

He tired of the silence first.

"Think again, my darling," he said earnestly; "you were willing enough to listen to me yesterday: am I changed from what I was then? O Patty! Patty! you are trying me. My sweet, sweet girl, you do not understand how I love you, how happy I will try to make your life, how I will study every wish; you are not in earnest in this horrible, sudden coldness." And then, catching at this stray hope, he grasped her clasped hands in his own and tried to draw her to him.

But she shrank away, and he let go her hands in proud anger.

"False, cold-hearted girl! which is the truth—the Patty you seemed yesterday, when I might hold you in my arms and kiss you, or this Patty? I still believe some one has been slandering me; if they have, if they have said I do not mean fairly by you, I offer you this proof,—come with me now this instant to your father, and hear me ask him to give you to me as my wife."

Patty shook her head, but she would not look at Paul.

"It's no use," she said, fretfully; "I liked you yesterday, but I've changed my mind. I don't ever want to see you again."

"Changed! Say the truth,—say you never felt any real love. If you had felt even a fraction of the love I feel, you could not harden yourself against me. Do you see what you have done? Listen to me, I tell you." Patty had turned half away, shrugging one shoulder up like a sulky child. "I never loved any woman really till I saw you, Patty; and this first fresh love you fostered till it has grown into madness, and now, when I cannot live without you, you calmly say you have changed your mind—you want to be rid of the sight of me. Are all women like you, I wonder?—fair sepulchres of lies!"

"I won't stay here to be called a liar," Patty sobbed, and moved away. It was so hard to play the part she had set herself, face to face with her lover; she felt angry with Paul for the pain he made her suffer.

Paul's heart smote against his pride. "Forgive me," he took forcible hold of her arm, and drew his hand along it till he had secured her hand once more firmly in his; "you know I could not willingly vex you, but you have driven me out of myself—I feel almost mad. Turn your dear face round, Patty, look into my eyes once as you used to look, and tell me, if you can, that you do not love me. Look darling; let me look into your sweet eyes, your heart will soften then. I believe in you still against yourself."

These last words gave Patty back her strength—gave her warning; she had betrayed herself, then, while she thought she was so guarded. No, she would not look at him. She would not, could not, trust herself to meet Paul's eyes; spite of Miss Coppock and all the prospects she had placed before her. Patty trembled before the power of love, trembled in every fibre of her body.

Selfish as she was, the trial was very bitter; it was so hard to give him up. She did not want to marry him, but his love had been the first dear delight of her life, and Patty would have liked to gather up every pleasure she met with, and carry it along with her.

She looked towards the common. Oh! if even she could see a cart driving across it—anything that would break up the solitude. She looked right and left, but there was no one in sight.

Paul still held her hand, he kept his eyes fixed on her face, and hope grew as he saw the increasing agitation there.

He kept back any act or word. It seemed to him, in that moment of passionate intense hope, that Patty's own feelings would plead best for him.

If he could only have seen into her heart, if he could have known that she dreaded herself more than him, that she was almost stifled by her fear of yielding, he would have made another passionate appeal, and he might have yet conquered.

That brief waiting was decisive. Patty lifted her head, and looked once more towards the lane. She was not deceived. As she looked she saw Mr. Beaufort turning the corner of the lane.

"Ah, there's the Rector! Oh, please let me go! I told you I wanted to go Oh, quick, quick, go away—we shall be seen!"

But Paul would not loose her hand. He would not yield up this newly kindled hope for all the Rectors in England.

"I will let you go if you tell me the truth, You must look at me too Patty, or I can't believe. Do you love me?"

Patty raised her eyes to his. She hesitated a moment.

"No—no, indeed; I don't want to see you again."

Paul had loosed her hand, and she was gone before he knew what had happened.

CONTINUED IN JULY



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Childhood of Ji-Shib

(Continued from page 12)

When the old men went out of the wigwam they patted him on the head, and the Squaws used to tell their boys to do and to act like Ji-shib!

The following Winter while they were gone from the lake, hunting in northern Wisconsin, they had no snow for a long time. The ground was frozen so hard that an Indian made a noise walking even with soft moccasins. The game was quite scarce that Winter, and got very wild, because it could hear the hunter so far away. Even Ki-niw often came home at night without any game, and soon hunger stole into the four wigwams of the Indians who were together. At last they had to kill three of their dogs to eat. Then it snowed very hard. When it ceased the hunters went out and killed two moose and an elk, for the could not run in the deep snow, though the hunters could run rapidly over the snow with their snowshoes. After that they had plenty to eat, but the sun soon came out very warm and melted the surface of the snow, but almost immediately it froze over so that there was a thick crust on the top, which would hold up a moose as well as a man. The hunters could not kill any more game, and soon they were starving.

Every night Ji-shib's faithful father fixed his hunting medicines, and sang and prayed to the Sacred Spirits, but during the day he could not kill anything for food. One night he did not come home at all, and every one in the wigwams went to sleep without having eaten anything that day or the day before.

In the night Ji-shib awoke, and prepared his hunting medicine as he had seen his father do, and he sang and prayed to the Sacred Spirits, that he and the others might not starve.

Afterwards, while he slept, the beautiful young Indian came into the wigwam and told Ji-shib: "Tomorrow you shall eat a bear," and Ji-shib looked, and saw a path leading into the forest. Far out from the wigwam it turned into a small marshy place, and stopped; and then the young Indian slowly taded away.

Next morning, when the Squaw left the wigwam to enquire after her husband, Ji-shib took a flint tomahawk, and his own bow, and some hunting arrows of his father, and slipped away unobserved. After a while he saw a path in the forest, and this he followed to a small marshy place, but he did not see any bear. All at once the snow broke through under him and he found himself in a hole up to his arms. He looked down at his feet, and there he saw the head of a sleeping bear, lying close to the ground, and he remembered that hunters sometimes killed sleeping bears in their holes in the Winter, where they lie buried until Spring. He struck the bear twice between the eyes with his tomahawk, and when he saw that it did not stir he knew that he had killed it, so he crawled out of the hole and ran home breathlessly. His father was just starting out to find him, having come home with only one young beaver to eat.

That day, after the hunters dragged the heavy bear to the wigwams, another boy's feast was given for Ji-shib, because that was the first bear he had killed.

In a few days the crust melted on the snow, and then there was plenty of game to be had, but the people never forgot how Ji-shib saved them from starving, and he never forgot the beautiful young Indian who always came to him in his dreams, and he often wondered who he was, and which of the Sacred Spirits sent him.

CONTINUED IN JULY

At the Mast

(Continued from Page 11)

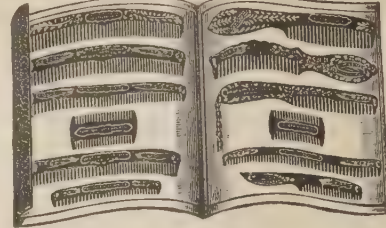
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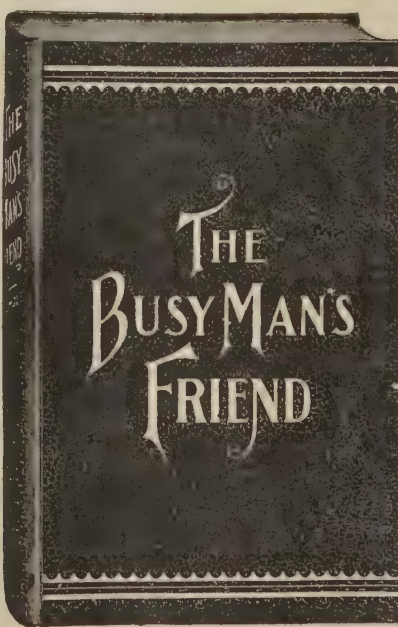
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the faces of the gunners as their shots told or missed.

"How I used to love it, myself! It's in the Clarking blood. I knew that if I ever found Rob it would likely be among ships and guns or standing armies, but though I looked through many hope led me a will-o'-the-wisp, half-despairing sort of life.

"The boys,—or men, I beg their pardons!—all love him, too," he continued, presently. I'd rather have that, almost, than merely to have him well thought of by the officers.

What the Colonel said was quite true. Crew, officers and men secretly admired Ballwen for his ability and openly jested about his industry.

"Nothin' can be kept from a lad that jumps out o' bed so early of a mornin' that he meets hissef aturnin' in at night."

"There ain't none better in and around my mess, I'm thinkin'," replied that worthy as he lifted the long glass to inspect a sail just then reported off the port quarter by the lookout.

"One battle, the hardest of all, remains for him to fight at home!" soliloquised Colonel Clarking.

CONTINUED IN JULY.

Tildy's Last Spell

(Continued from Page 3)

kinder a narrer git off. Now, Hite, you hurry along and look out for them run-aways, will you? I guess we've had high-falutin enuff for one day, and I'll go yoke up the oxen.

Gardening Forty Years Ago

By Mrs. S. A. Humes

The rule was once to dig and hoe Before the sun was up, That we fine garden truck might grow; And without bite or sup, We out into the garden went, And worked before 'twas day;

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Listen! I am now receiving thousands of letters of appreciation from spectacle-wearers all over the world, in which they express their sincere thanks for the

perfect sight they now enjoy with my famous Perfect Vision spectacles.

I want your testimonial also, and am therefore making you the following very special offer.

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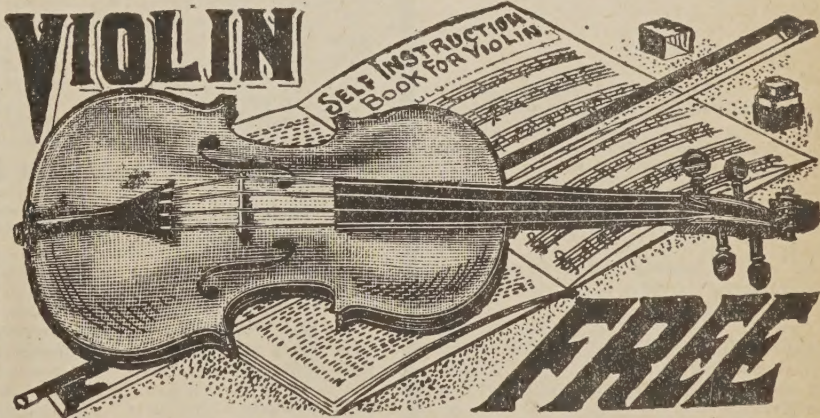
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GREAT FLOWER PRIZE CONTEST.

SORE | OILVET | NIPK | NASFY

Can you arrange these four different groups of letters above to spell the names of four popular flowers? If so, we have a surprise for you. We are going to give away Five Hundred (500) Prizes FREE as described below to those who send in the best solutions to this great Contest before October 1, 1906.

FIVE HUNDRED PRIZES GIVEN AWAY FREE. First Prize, \$50.00 Cash. Second Prize, \$20.00 Cash. Third Prize, 10.00 Cash. Fourth Prize, 10.00 Cash. Fifth Prize, 5.00 Cash. Sixth Prize, 5.00 Cash.

Seventh, Solid Gold Ring, set with three Genuine Opals; Eighth, Solid Gold Chased Band Ring; Ninth, Seamless Rolled Gold Ring, set with a Genuine Diamond, and 491 OTHER GOOD PRIZES. In making the names of the four flowers, the letters must be used only in their own groups, and as many times as they appear in each individual group and no letter can be used which does not appear in its own group.

Blossoms of Humor.

Visitor: "How does the land lie out this way?" Native: "It ain't the land that lies, sir: it's the land agents."

"Papa, what is a veterinary surgeon?" "One of those fellows at the Pension Office, my son, who examines the veterans for pensions."

He is Convinced of it.—"This is a hard world," said one laborer to another. "Yes, Oi do be thinkin' av that ivery time Oi put me pick-axe intil it."

Extract from a sentimental letter: "Last night I sat in a gondola on Venice's Grand Canal, drinking it all in, and life never seemed so full before!"

"So," said Mr. Donegan, "they's been printing the funeral notices av a man that wasn't dead yit. It's a nice fix he'd be in if he had been wan o' these people that believe iverythin' in the newspapers!"

In the Near Future.—Old Friend: "And so both of your children are studying professions?" Hostess: Yes, my daughter is in a polytechnic college, studying mechanical engineering; and my son is in Paris, learning dressmaking."

"Mamma," said Mildred, "do you think you can finish my gloves to-night, so I can wear them to school to-morrow? I am afraid not," said the mother. "I'll have to get some more yarn, I think." "Oh, hurry up and knit fast, and maybe you can finish before the yarn gives out."

Heard in a Hospital—(Patient to pretty nurse): "Will you be my wife when I recover?" Pretty nurse: "Certainly." Patient: "Then you love me?" Pretty nurse: "Oh, no, that's merely a part of the treatment. I must keep my patients cheerful. I promised this morning to run away with a married man who had lost both his legs."

A leading American politician recently took his little son to Washington, where they paid a visit to the Senate gallery. Dr. Edward Everett Hale specially interested the boy, and his father explained that Dr. Hale was the chaplain of the Senate. "Oh, he prays for the Senate, doesn't he?" asked the lad. "No," said the politician, "he gets up and takes a look at the Senate and then prays for the country."

The new office boy was sent by his master with a note to a clergyman, and told to wait for an answer: On his return his employer said, "Well, John, did you see Mr. Smith?" "Yes, sir." "And how was he?" "Well, he looked pretty well, sir, but he's awfully blind." "Blind! Whatever do you mean?" "Why, while I was in his room he asked me where my hat was, and I'm blest if it wasn't on my head all the time!"

As a captain in the Confederate army went into battle, he left his tent in the care of his body-servant, with a charge to stay there and protect the master's property. The negro retired out of the reach of bullets, however, and, when he met his master again, he said: "I did purtect yo' property, sah! I sholy did! Dem ole close ain' wuth nothin'! I se feared to breth'm 'em less'n I git a hole in 'em; but dis property," laying his hand proudly on his breast, "is wuth fifteen hundred dollars."

She was an economical, industrious, and ambitious young wife, and tried to persuade her husband to give up smoking. She pointed out in exact figures, how much he spent on tobacco. "And you would be better off," she said, "mentally and physically, as well as financially, without your pipe." "But all great men have smoked," he urged. "Well," she said, "just promise me that you'll give up smoking till you're great. I'll be quite satisfied."

A certain Philadelphia lawyer was one evening at a friend's house when a rather pompous member of the bar of the Quaker City was seeking to convey to the company the impression that his

income from the practice of his profession was exceedingly large. "Gentleman," the pompous lawyer was saying, "I have to earn a good deal. It may sound rather incredible, but my personal expenses are over fifteen thousand dollars a year. It costs me that to live!" "That's too much," interjected the lawyer first mentioned. "I wouldn't pay it—it isn't worth it!"

Hostess—Won't you sing something for us, Miss Screecher? Miss Screecher—Why, er, most of the guests have gone home, have they not? Hostess—Yes; but some of them seem inclined to stay here all night.

Would you like to know what is going to happen to you in the future?—What your health will be?—Who and when you will marry?—Whether you will be rich or poor?—Happy or unhappy?—Would it help you to be forewarned in advance of sickness?—Financial loss?—or deception?—Would you not thank anyone most heartily for showing you a favorable opportunity that might lead to happiness or riches?—If so, send your name, birth date and 2c stamp to PROF. S. K. ASTRO, Box 3693, Philadelphia, Pa., and get

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Millions of Dollars Made Stock Now 15 Cents Per Share
in Cobalt Silver District

After July 1 25 Cents Per Share

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The greatest investment opportunity is now offered by the World-Famous Cobalt Silver District, in Coleman Township, Province of Ontario, Canada. This wonderfully rich new mining district, only recently opened, has already produced silver nuggets—almost pure—weighing as much as four hundred pounds. A single ton of ore is valued as high as \$8,000, which means \$4 a pound for the silver ore, just as it comes from the rock. A single carload of ore has shown a value of \$190,000. Many carloads have already been shipped, and the output so far is estimated at more than \$10,000,000.

Quick Profit Investments

Cobalt shares have already proved to be very profitable investments. The Hudson Bay Mining Co.'s stock was first offered for sale at forty cents per share, and has gone up to \$82.50 per share. Forty dollars invested at the start in that company's stock was increased to \$8,250.00. The shares of stock of many other Cobalt companies have doubled and tripled in value in a few weeks. We predict that our stock will more than double in price in a short time. In fact, on July 1 the price will be advanced considerably.

We have 5,120 Acres for Development

Our Company has a claim staked in what has proved to be the richest concession in Coleman Township, in which the Town of Cobalt itself is located. It is in the heart of this world-famous Cobalt Silver District. In the same concession with us are a dozen of the valuable claims and big mines of the district. We are close to the T. & N. O. R'y and have excellent shipping facilities.

We have also secured from the Government a Special Grant of eight square miles (5,120 acres) of mineralized properties, in three large tracts. These are all located across Lake Temiskaming, northeast of the town of Cobalt, and on the trend of the rich silver vein belts which run in a north-easterly direction. Rich discoveries have already been made in this neighborhood, and two lots immediately adjoining one of our large tracts have recently been sold for \$100,000. The Government has granted us a monopoly of ALL of the silver and other valuable minerals on these eight square miles of properties. We also expect to stake several other claims in another part of the mining district, where the rock formation is right, and in a neighborhood where good finds have been made.

Expert Development Work

We now have all of the property we need, and our president, Mr. J. Wilbur Kay, of Detroit, Michigan, who is a mining expert, is now at Cobalt, personally directing the work of our men in the development of all our properties. Mr. Kay is an expert mining engineer who has had six years experience in mining in the United States, Mexico and Canada. He says he never before has seen silver ore anywhere near as rich as it is found in the Cobalt Silver District. Mr. Kay says that in his opinion our men should make several good strikes of mineral on our properties in the next few weeks.

First Price of Our Stock

Our company has offered a limited amount of the treasury stock for sale to investors at FIFTEEN CENTS PER SHARE, which is the first offering price, and it is the LOWEST PRICE at which our shares of stock have ever been offered for sale.

Price Will Go Up July 1

On July 1 the price of our shares of stock will go up to twenty-five cents per share, so NOW is the time to buy if you want to get a block of this Cobalt Silver District stock while the price is Fifteen Cents per share. After July 1 you will have to pay Twenty-Five Cents. And it is ABSOLUTELY certain that after we strike a big vein of silver on our property and begin shipping rich silver ore, we will be able to

pay big dividends; and the value of our stock will go up to One Dollar per share, and then the remainder of the stock will be taken off the market, and no more will be for sale except at fancy prices. We do not sell less than One Hundred Shares (\$15 worth). The par value of our shares of stock is one dollar each. The price of our shares until July 1 is as follows:

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| \$ 15 | buys | 100 | shares, | par value | \$ 100 |
| \$ 30 | " | 200 | " | " | \$ 200 |
| \$ 45 | " | 300 | " | " | \$ 300 |
| \$ 75 | " | 500 | " | " | \$ 500 |
| \$ 150 | " | 1000 | " | " | \$ 1000 |
| \$ 300 | " | 2000 | " | " | \$ 2000 |
| \$ 450 | " | 3000 | " | " | \$ 3000 |
| \$ 750 | " | 5000 | " | " | \$ 5000 |

REMEMBER, you must send your order BEFORE JULY 1, in order to take advantage of these prices.

Safety of This Investment

We have protected our stockholders by the following clause in the charter of our company: "The private property of the stockholders of this corporation shall be exempt from corporate debts of any kind whatsoever." This is a most important safeguard. We GUARANTEE that all of our shares of stock are not assessable, so that you will never be called upon to pay more than you now put up for your shares of stock. The Officers of our company are all successful, honest and trustworthy men and can furnish high references. We have got our land, and our only object in offering any of this stock for sale is to help supply funds for our development work now being carried on. The remainder of our shares of stock will be taken off the market after we make a rich strike, and this will have the effect of making the profits larger for all those who buy now.

Great Capitalists are interested in the Cobalt Silver District, among them being the Standard Oil crowd and the Rothschilds. The Earl properties, understood to be controlled by the Standard Oil crowd, consists of 1,700 acres, while our company has a monopoly from the Government of all the silver and other valuable metals on 5,120 acres. Send for a free copy of our illustrated booklet entitled "Cobalt and its Riches."

Do not fail to send your order for shares of our stock on or before July 1, because this stock will cost you nearly twice as much after that date. Cobalt offers an opportunity which comes about once in a life-time. The rush there this summer will be greater than the rush was to the Klondike. But we are already on the ground, with the properties staked out, and are now going right ahead with all of our work while many others are just starting. We have taken our pick of the best available land in the district. We expect to send important news to all of our stockholders in the near future.

Here is a good opportunity to make money by buying this stock NOW at FIFTEEN CENTS a share, and sell it at twenty-five cents per share after the price goes up on July 1, as it positively will do. But we predict that the most money will be made by those men and women who buy NOW, while the price is FIFTEEN CENTS PER SHARE, and hold the stock until we make a strike of silver and pay our first good dividend. The price of the stock then will be One Dollar per share, or higher. Buy just as much of this stock as you can afford—get your dollars to work for you—and DO IT NOW, BEFORE JULY 1, BEFORE THE PRICE GOES UP.

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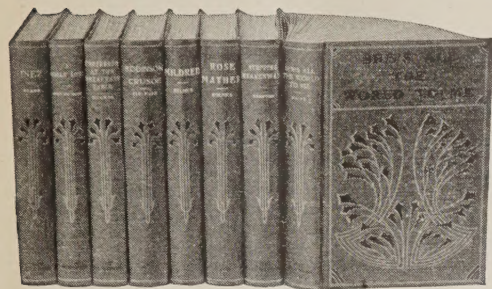
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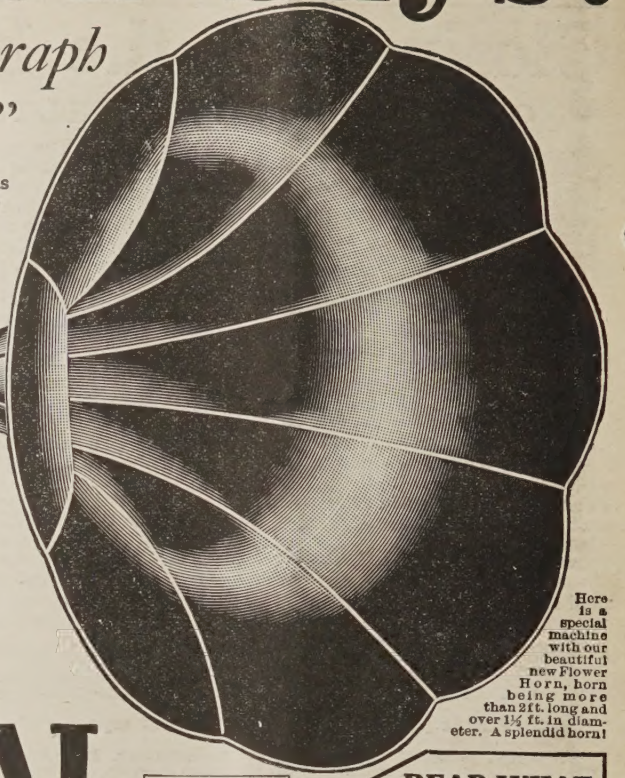
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